

Silver Screen

EDITED BY
LUTH WATERBURY

10¢

DECEMBER



JOAN
CRAWFORD

\$500 PRIZE
FOR FIVE WORDS

(see Page 18)

HOW TO MAKE MEN FALL IN LOVE

HOLLYWOOD'S SUPREMACY THREATENED



“—if an Italian recommended
it—I knew I could ask for
nothing better!”

....Writes Mrs. Fox

Corn Products Refining Company,
New York City

Gentlemen:

As a salad oil, Mazola is certainly without an equal. For several years I had used olive oil for salad dressings—with no particularly unusual results.

One day I was in a fruit store and was amazed to see some cans of Mazola on their shelves. Knowing that the men were all Italians in this store, I said to the manager—“How is it you have cans of Mazola on your shelves and no olive oil? I know very well that all good Italians never would use anything but the best olive oil!”

“Why, we use Mazola all the time,” said the fruitman, waving his hands to aid his explanation and to add to his enthusiasm. “No more olive oil—this Mazola is very, very fine. You try it sometime!”

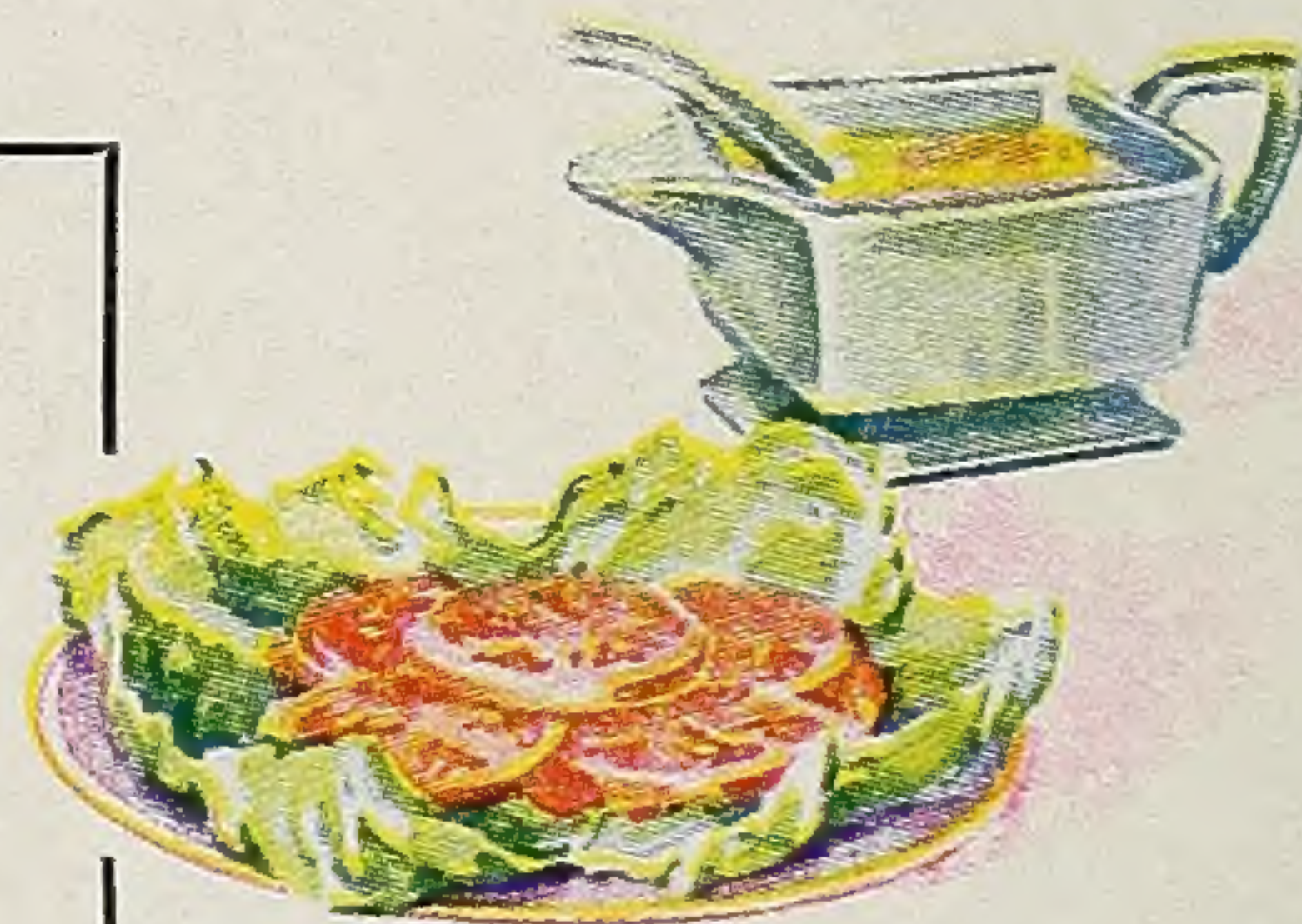
So I did. I tried it then—for if an Italian recommended it—and with such whole-hearted enthusiasm, I knew that I could ask for nothing better—and I can’t! It is far more economical, more time-saving and more space-saving—by no

means small items of importance. Perhaps it is laughable, but it is very true, that I do not like salad dressing made with olive oil any more!

Here is our favorite French Dressing and I believe that a French Dressing is the best test of oil:—

½ teaspoon paprika	1 teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons vinegar	8 tablespoons Mazola

This is delicious on either lettuce and tomato salad, water-cress or cole slaw.



Very sincerely,

Mrs. Walter S. Fox
370 Chestnut Hill Avenue
Brookline, Mass.

Mrs. Fox is one of the many progressive women who have discovered that Mazola equals the finest imported oils in every respect—yet costs about half as much. For purity, quality and flavor—the world affords no finer oil for salads than Mazola.



IDA BAILEY ALLEN'S famous book “The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods” contains nearly 300 new, helpful recipes. Write for your copy today. (See coupon.)



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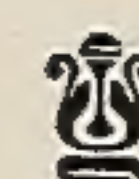
VOLUME
ONE
NUMBER
TWO

Silver Screen

EDITED BY RUTH WATERBURY

LAURA BENHAM
Assistant Editor

JIMMY STARR
Western Representative



DECEMBER
NINETEEN
THIRTY

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FAMOUS FUNMAKERS from the footlights



Many of the stage's most popular stars join veteran screen comics to make this a greater year of laughs through...



Educational's Talking Comedies

CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD...TOM PATRICOLA...
BUSTER and JOHN WEST...stage favorites who have made millions laugh...these and many more are now bringing their fun to the screen for you to enjoy. For now that the talking screen makes the spoken word as well as action a source of fun, *Educational* is picking from the best stageland has to offer.

And these stars, added to *Educational's* famous company of veteran screen comics such as LLOYD HAMILTON, ANDY CLYDE, JOHNNY HINES and DAPHNE POLLARD, are making picture programs funnier and more amusing wherever *Educational's Talking Comedies* are shown—and that includes most of the country's leading theatres.



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For the best laughs you have had in months see
Charlotte Greenwood

in
"LOVE YOUR
NEIGHBOR"
A TUXEDO COMEDY

...
Buster West and
John West

in
"DON'T GIVE UP"
A VANITY COMEDY

...
Tom Patricola
in

"SI, SI, SENOR"
AN IDEAL COMEDY

GIFTS of BEAUTY

By
MARY LEE

Cosmetics for Christmas should be among those presents



A moment of reflection before a good mirror will give you many an idea for clever Christmas shopping. What girl doesn't love new compacts, lipsticks and other glorifiers?

I MEANT to write about make-up this month, but just as I got ready to pour forth a poem about lip rouge and eye shadow, it struck me that this is the month you'll be planning your Christmas presents. So being nothing if not a girl who likes to be helpful I'd like to suggest—how about giving gifts of beauty for Christmas?

There are so many simply swell things on the beauty market that you can give for the price of the usual pair of stockings. I don't pretend to have sampled all the powders, rouges, perfumes and such, but here are just a few things I've come across lately that I think delightful.

Houbigant has a new compact—simply a lamb—in the most charming gold case in modern design filled with their swell compact powder and rouge, and a very neat lipstick. The trick of their powder, you know, is that it hasn't got starch in it as most compact powders have. It's compressed in shape and result is that when you put it on it doesn't cake. You can get this compact for \$2.50, or you can get a smart gift box containing Houbigant's perfume and Bois Dormant (Enchanted Woodland) with face powder and triple compact in the same fragrance for \$8.00. Or, a smaller box with perfume and a single compact for \$3.50, which ought to scratch a few feminine relatives off your shopping list.

Coty, as always, has a grand line of Christmas stuff. They have a little velvet lined box containing two of their

very nicest perfumes in quarter ounce sizes and a metal case for \$3.00. Also, a perfectly grand Coty set for a man consisting of shaving cream, talcum powder, shaving lotion and hair lotion in a perfectly luscious blue box for only \$2.50.

Boy friends, who have used this set-up, tell me these preparations are scented and perfumed in a way that doesn't offend the delicate male nose.

Coty's also have a triple compact, trim and square in a little suede case that's a pet. \$3.50 for this.

The nicest perfume line I've come across lately is the Gabilla Perfumes. This nose has done a lot of experimenting in its day, but if it has ever struck anything more lovely than Gabilla Perfume odors it doesn't know it. They have got one called "Mimosa" that knocked me for a row of handkerchiefs. It is sweet and lasting and, believe it or not, you can get it in a half ounce size for \$2.50. They've also got a "Sweet Pea" at the same price, that's very subtle. You can spend more, of course, or, if you don't like being a subtle darling, try some of their blends—the ones I like best are "Mon Cheri" and the "Foolish Virgin." This latter is just as sassy as its name and is made to order for blondes.

Of course, all the larger cosmetic houses such as the famous Madame Rubenstein, Elizabeth Arden and Dorothy Gray are putting out the most doggy packages of their various preparations and you can spend anything from \$5 to \$100 on these and if you have got a male pal who feels indulgent, you might lead him by a counter displaying these. I don't have to recommend those. Everybody knows they're excellent.

[Continued on page 64]

BEAUTY SERVICE.

Do you want advice on how to improve your skin or your hair, on how to brighten your eyes, make your figure more perfect, or generally pep up your whole appearance? Mary Lee will be delighted to reply by personal letter to any beauty problems that are bothering you. Address Miss Lee at Silver Screen, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

CRANKY WOMEN

They are the principal users of this great 25¢ dentifrice. Two million acclaim the way it beautifies teeth — protects precious enamel

**Buy silk hose
with that \$3
you save**

Silk stockings. Merely one suggestion for spending that \$3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of tooth pastes in the 50¢ class.

When it comes to the matter of teeth, and keeping them sound and beautiful, a woman's a crank—the worst kind of a crank, as any dentist will tell you.

It is a remarkable tribute to the quality and results of Listerine Tooth Paste that women—cranky women—are its principal users. More than 2 million of them have rejected other dentifrices in favor of this one made by the makers of Listerine.

They like its gentle but thorough action. They like the way it gets around and in between teeth and sweeps out decay. They like the way it erases tartar and discoloration. They say it protects precious enamel. The brilliance and luster it imparts to the teeth. The fresh feeling of exhilaration it leaves in the mouth—like Listerine itself.

Incidentally, that \$3 they save by using it instead of tooth pastes in the 50¢ class, may be—and is—applied to buying a couple of pairs of silk hose.

We urge you to try Listerine Tooth Paste. Buy a tube today. Compare it with any paste at any price. Be guided by results alone. We'll wager that you will immediately be won to this up-to-date dentifrice, which has delighted more than 4,000,000 people. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri, U. S. A.

THE MAKERS OF LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
RECOMMEND

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSHES

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE 25¢

ASK ME ANOTHER!

By SALLY FORTH

BROWN EYES: Yes, Gary Cooper was born in Montana. He's six feet two inches tall, and has blue eyes and dark brown hair. From all indications he likes brunettes, as his girls have been Clara Bow, Evelyn Brent, and the hot tamale, Lupe Velez. And

Lupe seems bound to stay, as their romance is one of the warmest in Hollywood.

HOTSY-TOTSY: So you're another one of those jazz babies! Don't you know that long skirts changed all that? Now it's the thing to do to be dignified. I'm sure Buddy would like you that way! The Rogers lad is six feet tall, has dark brown curly hair and a cunning smile. His last picture was "Heads Up." He's single and lives in Beverly Hills with his family.

JUST A DREAMER: No, I don't think Ronald Colman is too reserved. In this day and time, it's a relief to meet a man who is quiet and conservative. His first picture was "The White Sister," opposite Lillian Gish.

SUNBONNET SUE: Janet Gaynor has made up her quarrel with Fox and is hard at work on "The Man Who Came Back," opposite Charlie Farrell. Charlie and Virginia Valli are good friends.

ANN AGRAM: Whotta life! You girls are never satisfied. If Kay's a vamp, you want her to be good—and if she's good, you want her to be passion's little flower. The delectable Miss Francis is a stunning brunette, five feet, five inches tall, and has dark brown hair and seductive grey eyes.

PRISCILLA: And do I sally? Of course, I spend all my time running from New York to Hollywood, just to find out the answers to your questions.

At the present writing, Janet is still happily married to Lydell Peck, and says she intends to remain so. And Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe are still one of Hollywood's happiest couples. So, all is quiet on the Western Front.

HAIRBREADTH HARRY: Ruth Chatterton wore a blonde wig, and did not have her hair dyed for her rôle in "Anybody's Woman." The unfaithful wife was played by Juliette Compton, and very grand, too, since you bring that up.

POPULARITY PLUS: Mary Brian and June Collyer are two of the most engaged girls in Hollywood. Both for pictures and for dates—and several of the gallant boys wish they could engage them for matrimony.

The chatterer of Hollywood, Sally FORTH, will be glad to answer any questions you have about movies or stars or both. Write Sally at Silver Screen, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. For personal replies enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

ANNA FROM SAVANNAH: Amos and Andy are appearing in their first picture for RKO, called "Check and Double Check." And they got double checks for doing it. In fact, what they got for one picture would almost break the U. S. Mint. Just two boys who won when they took the air.

WALTER RICHARDS: Came the "Golden Dawn"—Vivienne Segal was the luscious bit of femininity in the Warner Brothers picture of that name. She can warble a mean tune, can't she?

CURIOUS: Yes, I know Loretta Young and Grant Withers—I was one of the first persons to talk to them after their elopement—and they are certainly in love with each other. Loretta is a tall, slim semi-blond, with blue eyes and a winning weigh of 110 pounds. The Withers reside scrappily, pardon me, it's still happily, for them, in a simple little eight-room apartment in dear old Hollywood.

WHOSIT: You're right, Hollywood has gone domestic, and how! The favorite parties are baby showers, and the favorite topic of discussion is matrimony. Look at the recent marriages—Bebe and Ben, Nils and Vivian, Dolores and Cedric, Jack Pickford and Mary Mulhern, and so on. The only engaged couples left are Gary and Lupe, Jimmy and Merna, Alice and Cy, and Kathryn and Wesley. And any or all of them may have taken the fatal step before this is printed.

HONEY: What! No sugar! Why, honey, don't you want to live up to your name? Ginger Rogers is your type, you say—but remember, even ginger tastes better when sweetened. Ginger's last rôle was in "Queen High," and Stanley Smith was the fair-haired boy opposite her.



Silver Screen MOVIETOWN TOPICS



A CERTAIN Hollywood director, after grinding out just ordinary program fare, finally came through with a fine picture, and was immediately sent for by a leading star to direct her next film.

Greatly elated, the director went to the head of his studio to ask permission to do the star's picture. His request was flatly refused.

"But why?" pleaded the persistent director.

"Why? I'll tell you why," the producer retorted. "Because I wouldn't do that star any favors. She gives the swellest parties in Hollywood and has she ever once invited my daughter, Annabelle?"

THE romance between Dorothy Gish and James Rennie seems definitely off, despite denials of the rift.

Jim has just signed a new five-year contract with First National, while Dorothy is preparing for a new play on Broadway. Which in itself is an ironical thing.

When they were married, Dorothy was in pictures, while Jim was to the theatre born and bred. Now, via talkies, Jim is sitting pretty in films and Dot is struggling for a foothold behind the footlights.

MARIAN SPITZER and Harlan Thompson, scenario writers extraordinary, have a wire-haired terrier named "Option." Asked why the pup was thus christened, Marian explained, "Because he is never exercised."

GOOD fortune hovers close about the curly head of Charles Buddy Rogers. The lad who three years ago was getting \$60 a week, and glad of it, from Paramount, has recently been given a new contract which calls for \$1500 a week, with a fat raise every option time.

America's Boy-Friend is costing Paramount plenty, but he's worth it. He packs 'em in at the box-office.

THANK goodness, we've got the Boyds in hand at last! The long-drawn-out controversy between William (Stage) Boyd and William (Screen) Boyd, both rightful owners of their respective names, has been settled.

From now on, William of the incandescents will be called Bill Boyd, while William of the footlights retains the dignified moniker, William Boyd.

THE domestication of Lorelei is complete! Ruth Taylor, the blonde that gentlemen prefer, is awaiting a visit from that old bird Stork. Ruth was married about a year ago to Paul Zuckermann, millionaire New York broker, after a whirlwind romance.

THERE is no chance of a reconciliation between Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sutherland, according to their own statements.

Mrs. Sutherland, nee Ethel Kenyon, has gone back to the New York stage, while Eddie is back in the romantic free-lancing business.

Eddie was once sweet on May McAvoy, later married Margery Daw, and much later married Louise Brooks.

NO one has any respect for royalty these days!

Ernst Lubitsch and Hans Kraley chose a party given by Mary and Doug for the scene of their adventure in fisticuffs, and at the exclusive Embassy Club, too.

It seems that Kraley is now the big moment in the former Mrs. Lubitsch's life, and at the party, he went so far as to taunt the former spouse of the beautiful German frau. According to all observers, Ernst contained himself as befits a director and a gentleman for quite some, but even his patience had its limits.

Round one was fought in the ball-room, after which the combatants retired to an outer hall and continued the fracas, until Douglas, himself, lent a restraining hand.

Oh, well, boys will be boys!

LILA LEE has found the silver lining in the clouds that have surrounded her so long. She is to marry John Farrow, writer, as soon as her divorce decree from James Kirkwood becomes final. This culminates a long romance which threatened to break when Lila was sent to Arizona for her health. However, all's well that end's well, and Lila's well.

(Continued on page 32)

YOU Can MANUFACTURE



To get herself a public was Evelyn Laye's "Bitter Sweet" job. Now—boy, where are those bitters?

WOULD you like to be a personality—tender, deep and subtle or flashing, beautiful and devastating? There's no experience necessary. Just go to Hollywood—or if you can't go to Hollywood, go to the movies.

There, either in Hollywood or at the movies, personalities are manufactured before your eyes. For if you think that the stars you see are the stars as they started, you're as inaccurate as was the Republican Party when it talked about prosperity.

Take the case of a Columbus like Samuel Goldwyn. Sam is one of the best astronomers in Hollywood and he picks winners almost all the time. Sam picked Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Lily Damita, Evelyn Laye, Eleanor Hunt and Walter Byron all while they were unknown and except for Byron, each pick has succeeded.

Yet he changed every one of them, too, and you can learn your personality lessons from him.

Consider Vilma Banky.

When Vilma came to America, her hair was a flat brown. The silky brightness of gold came at the suggestion of Goldwyn, who also initiated his Hungarian rhapsody into the new and strange mysteries of the manicure. And during her screen career, Miss Banky was attended constantly by one of the Westmore brothers, hair-dressers de luxe, who followed her from set to set

Stars are not born but made in Hollywood and you can increase your own voltage by following in their courses

to see that her coiffure was never at all disarranged.

So, we learn rule one, which is: Find the most becoming shade for your hair, get a good make-up and always be well-groomed.

When Miss Banky returned from her honeymoon trip to Hungary, she was fat. Across her shoulders, she was undeniably what is referred to as a "fine, big girl." The minor lords of the Goldwyn cabbage patch exchanged glances for several weeks while production on her forthcoming picture, "The Awakening" was held up. Who was going to tell her?

Then they saw Miss Banky coming down the hallway to Goldwyn's inner office, her head held high in the noblest Ethel Barrymore manner.

Them was harsh words they had that afternoon, for Miss Banky was seen to leave the Goldwyn office with red eyelids and a manner that off-stage or on, could easily be identified as downcast.

But it worked, whatever Goldwyn told her. Two weeks later when the picture began, Vilma was down to weight.

In "The Awakening" she was ethereally beautiful.

So, lesson two seems to be: Stay slim!

Only the last lesson Goldwyn tried to teach Banky failed.

When sound roared in, foreign accents became a liability. For weeks language teachers, piloted by Sidney Howard, hovered between the Banky-La Rocque household and the Goldwyn paymaster's window. But the accent remained and the pay checks left.

Which means that voices count!

Most successful of any of the Goldwyn "finds" to date is Ronald Colman.

Goldwyn had never seen him in person when Colman was first signed, six years ago. The engagement was engineered by cable through Jack Crosby. After Crosby put over the Colman deal, he felt he had done enough for the good of the world so he became a broker's clerk—a "customer's man," that is.

Goldwyn wanted to make Colman a "romantic personality." He wasn't allowed to smile. Actually he has a nice, quiet sense of humor.

Colman always felt that the prohibited smile also prohibited something important in his inner nature, but in the silent era there was never a still of Colman that wasn't solemn.

He wasn't allowed to talk in "The Rescue." Satisfactory tests had been completed, talking sequences had been prepared with Director Herbert Brenon. But just when they were about to begin shooting on the picture, Goldwyn called a halt. "Let it wait for 'Bulldog Drummond.'"

It did, and when Ronnie found his voice, he also proved that he was right in wishing to be more human.

PERSONALITY ~ ~

By
BARBARA TANNER

He rose to new heights of popularity and regained the ground he was slowly losing in the old silents. The warmer, living, breathing Colman has proven another point in the cultivation of personality. It is, *Be yourself.*

Which brings us to Lily Damita.

Goldwyn engaged—or tried to engage—her the first time he saw Lily, in a Paris restaurant. Lily thought Sam was kidding so she laughed at him. She broke three dates and kept him waiting hours. Sam nearly went crazy.

When she arrived in New York, a stranger, she found the papers already in receipt of statements and opinions of and from Lily. Arthur Brisbane commented on what she thought of American men; the New York Times editorialized on her clothes. Peggy Hopkins Joyce had a great newspaper quarrel all primed for her. Thirty-eight photographers went down the bay to meet her.

Did Sam's tumultuous reception stop Lily?

No. She expected it. And the succeeding one in Hollywood.

Lily has a definite, sharply defined personality. Her speech, her carriage, her manner, her clothes—there is nothing about her that is not peculiar and personal to Lily. She is not *of a type—she is a type* of her own.

Yet a lesson may be gleaned from Lily.

In her first picture, the natural thing would have been to cast her in a part that exactly matched her brilliant, exotic personality. Sam did the opposite. He made the hoydenish, hell-raising Lily the staid

By doing the unexpected, Lily Damita won fame in such a whirl that she's still a dizzy blonde.



Whoops, my dear, among the right people made Eleanor Hunt make "Whoopee."



The voice with the smile won new fans for Ronald Colman.

One touch of nature—and one touch of hair dye—made the whole world keen to see Vilma Banky.



and statuesque Mrs. Travers of "The Rescue."

Thus Lily became established as an actress. Later, in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" and "The Cock-Eyed World," she let herself go—she was Lily. But it was by doing the unexpected and casting her as a lady that Sam established his new "find" with American audiences. Which gives us Rule Five: *Do the unexpected.*

Another Goldwyn protegee was Walter Byron, only ill-fated one of the lot.

Byron was engaged on recommendation of Ronald Colman, who snubbed him ever after.

Byron came to Hollywood to play in "The Awakening." He did very well in that and (Continued on page 52)

HOW to Make MEN

By
MARQUIS BUSBY



Dorothy Sebastian upsets all rules by declaring men like women with brains.



As modern as the spigots on a DeMille bathtub are Mary Duncan's views.



Dorothy Lee's no bigger than a minute but she has big romantic ideas.

Let Kay Francis arch her eyebrows and male freedom does a fadeout.

WHEN little Lottie Wart-on-the-face, the belle of the stone age, looked out of her cave on the bulging biceps of Harry-axe-in-hand, the village strong man, she wondered how in Sam Hill she could make him fall in love with her.

Women have been wanting men to fall in love with them ever since Adam lost that rib. People now live in duplex apartments instead of caves, and all you have to do to get ice is turn on the electricity, but women are still looking for the love secret.

Lucrezia Borgia scared her men into capitulating; and George Sand worked on the old mother complex. With Bernhardt it was the magic fire in her soul, and Lorelei just had to sing to them. All the great enchantresses of legend and history had their recipes.

Now that Hollywood is turning out romances for all the world, it is high time that the cinematic village turned out a reliable love formula, guaranteed to leave the boys lashed to the mast, and yelling for help.

The feminine screen stars, ninety percent more efficient at getting their man than the Canadian Mounted Police, are willing to help out by contributing their secrets. But they guarantee nothing. Anyway it's good, clean

fun. And if one campaign doesn't work, just help yourself to another.

I started with Betty Compson. Betty has been enchanting screen heroes for some time, and just to prove that she can do it in real life she had Hugh Trevor looking hearts and flowers. But Betty corrected me when I asked her to break down and confess her secret.

"It isn't a question of making men fall in love with you, but more a question of doing all possible to keep them NOT falling in love with you.

"If a woman is naturally attractive, men are going to fall in love with her. She need do nothing about it; in fact, there is nothing she can do about it.

"Certain men will always be attracted to certain women. This is the law of nature. If a woman dons a mask of frivolity, drinks, smokes and is daring with her person, she will attract a type of man entirely different from those she would draw to her if she remained modest and charming. So, the question of making men fall in love with a woman depends entirely on the kind of men that women want to have fall in love with them.

"My advice to a girl who is trying to interest a man in herself is to study his likes and dislikes and cater to them. Most men like to be flattered, not necessarily by words of praise but by feeling that the woman is trying to do things to please him. Be sweet, modest, unselfish and thoughtful. It may take longer to interest a man this way but once he is interested, he will remain interested."

Now take Kay Francis.

Any man would take Kay Francis. You'd think Kay would have the problem all worked out and put on ice. Kay is so cool and poised. In pictures all she has to do is arch her eyebrows and they have to call out the Army, Navy and the Boy Scouts to keep men away from her. But her press agent was worried when I told him what I wanted to ask Kay.

"You're going to ask Kay that?" he asked, amazed. "She just freezes up when you want to know something like that."

Well, Kay didn't actually do the freezing number, but she did laugh.

"How can there be any rules about love?" she wanted to know. "It is a matter of different personalities, environment, lots of things. There is one thing, though, as long as a woman is really in love with a man she should try to be what he wants her to be. If she's in love with him that will be easy. If she isn't it won't make any difference. In that case he'll probably care, regardless!"

"How about clothes?" I asked. Kay is one of the best dressed women in Hollywood.

"Men don't know much about clothes," she replied

FALL in LOVE

The Love Secrets of Hollywood's Sirens

promptly. "They know if you look well. That is all. Women don't take such pains with clothes merely to appeal to men. They do it partly from personal pride, and partly to make other women go home and send for the modiste."

While we are in the department of best dressed women a call on Lilyan Tashman is in order. Lilyan is the other official "best dressed woman" in Hollywood. Lilyan, in a pair of sumptuous lounge pajamas, had some sound advice on this love business.

"Be a good listener when you are with the man you want to attract. Let him talk about himself. Men love to talk about themselves. Laugh heartily at his jokes, even if you can tell them better than he, and if you've heard them a dozen times. Make him think he's a great fellow. Be a clinging vine where he is concerned. Ask his advice.

"The real trick isn't in making a man fall in love with you. The important thing is keeping a man in love with you after you get him. That takes brains. You've got to make yourself indispensable. Do little things for him that other people won't do. Sympathize with him. And, above all, keep him guessing. Men don't like to be too sure of a woman."

Since Lilyan and Edmund Lowe are the happiest of married people her advice should carry weight. Incidentally, Lilyan won't do pictures that will keep her away from Eddie for too long.

"I always say," she philosophizes, "that absence makes the heart grow fonder—for somebody else."

If you're looking for some positive information it won't do you much good to talk to Marlene Dietrich, either. Marlene is the exotic star from Berlin, now under long term contract to Paramount. You'll see her with Gary Cooper in "Morocco."

"How to make men fall in love with you is a destiny that cannot be achieved by formula," beautiful Marlene said. "To attract a man is one thing; to make him what you call 'fall in love with you' is quite another. If attraction of the heart rather than of the mind were a routine matter then love making, all over the world, would be bleak and uninspiring. A physical conquest can be planned. To induce reciprocal love is not a matter for premeditation.

"Any woman can attract a man, just as any man can attract a woman, by being considerate, as charming as possible, attentive, pleasant, unobtrusive, sympathetic and understanding. But love? That passion must come from the objective side; it cannot be controlled subjectively."

La Dietrich's advice is erudite enough to do credit to any university president. Personally, I'm all mixed up in that objective and subjective business.

It takes a southern girl to know the love game. According to those books you read southern girls have nothing to do but sit on columned verandas, smell the magnolia blossoms, and flirt with hot-blooded Dixie swains. Dorothy Sebas-

tian left Alabama to become a glistening screen fixture, and she is generous with her wisdom.

"Subtle flattery is the greatest weapon a woman can possess," opines little Alabam'. "It works with all men. The conceited ones are the easiest to convince. And no man has an inferiority complex so great that you can't make him believe that he's a great guy.

"At heart, every woman is an actress, but if she acts too consciously in this love game, sooner or later she stumbles over her cues. Then it is too bad. Men may be insincere, but they hate it in a woman.

"No matter what people say about men being afraid of intelligent women, I think the quality a man most admires in woman is her mind. If a man is brilliant he respects a good brain in a woman. If he isn't he feels that her intelligence will help him.

"If all else fails in getting your man you can always feed him."

From a sanatorium in a California valley, where she is recovering from a long illness, Lila Lee wrote me her answer to this momentous question. Lila hasn't had much to do but think recently and her words are worthy of a
(Continued on page 65)



Go slow, advises Betty Compson—not that Betty ever goes slow herself.

Lila Lee's recipe for making them fall is worthy of a philosopher.

Be indispensable but keep him guessing, cautions smart Lilyan Tashman.



Marlene Dietrich, Paramount's import, goes high-brow on love topics.



TWO FIRST- who REFUSE TO

By ALLAN



Something new in imports, Marlene Dietrich is a brilliant actress who offers her great gift humbly.

IN many ways she is a great deal like Garbo. That is a Hollywood way of labeling a new discovery. This strange, kaleidoscopic movie town is distrustful of people who give promise of being definite personalities. If it can only say "she's another Garbo," or, "she's another Clara Bow" there is a general sigh of relief. "There," Hollywood breathes, triumphantly, "we've got her catalogued."

Marlene Dietrich is that amazing thing, a Hollywood sensation, and, as yet, she hasn't had a picture released. No one, save for a few executives, has seen her first film. Rumors have leaked through the Paramount studio gates that this German girl is destined for the crown of greatness. Perhaps no first picture in several years is being awaited as eagerly as "Morocco," in which Marlene appears opposite Gary Cooper. So much has

been said of her. So much has been promised.

Already the word has been noised about that she is a second Garbo. Her brow and eyes suggest the Swedish star. The eyes are heavy-lidded, a trifle slumbrous. If you are looking for other resemblances in her face you will also see a startling likeness to the late Jeanne Eagels. Yet, Marlene Dietrich does not deserve the odium of comparison. As Marlene Dietrich, herself, she is one of the most interesting girls to come to Hollywood in many a day. About her is the glamorous aura of genius.

Not long ago the edict was issued from the studio that Marlene could no longer be interviewed. "Uh-huh," snorted the brothers and sisters of the press, "they're trying to steal Garbo's thunder." Garbo will not be interviewed either. But Marlene is sincere in her wishes.

"Why should people wish to interview me?" she asks. "Every star has the same story. They struggle for success. They sacrifice. Sometimes they suffer, and then perhaps the goal is achieved. That is my story, too. When I first came to America I was interviewed. What more can be said of me now?"

"I have been criticized for talking of my little daughter in Berlin. If I cannot talk about her I have nothing to tell of my life. I began to live when she came. She is my life. If I must not talk of her I would rather not talk at all."

She has the power of winning friends. Her sweetness, her graciousness, and her complete lack of temperament are amazing. It must seem so to Paramount, the studio which has seen Pola Negri sweep in with the airs of an empress, and has known the almost childish pride of Emil Jannings.

"Morocco," filmed largely on the California desert, gave Marlene her first taste of American picture experience. As it sometimes happens on the desert, there was a spell of biting, cold weather. During one scene she had to walk away from the camera for a distance of half a mile, stumbling bare-footed through the cold sand. For some reason the whistle did not sound for her to turn back. She kept trudging on and on, shivering with the cold. Finally she fell unconscious. Never once did she turn back to see if she had missed the call. That might have spoiled the scene.

She is humble, and humility is usually lacking in a person who has already tasted the elixir of fame. This spirit deference may be accounted for by the fact that she is a woman and a German. Girls of her birth are taught that man is lord and master. A woman is meant to bear sons, and obey the word of man.

During the location trip she dressed in a rude tent. It had no floor, and only the roughest of furnishings. There wasn't a mirror. Marlene, herself, sought out a property man. It never occurred to her to make a scene, or send her maid on the errand.

"I know I am nobody," she told the man, "and I don't wish to trouble you, but couldn't I please have a mirror in my tent?"

At another time she was detained and was late for the lunch call. When she finally (Continued on page 63)

RATE GIRLS BE SECONDS

JORDAN

IT may be rude to point, but if the exotic Marlene Dietrich, over there on the opposite page, looks like Garbo and the late Jeanne Eagels, little Sally Starr resembles at least four people. Hollywood has discovered that she looks like Clara Bow, Janet Gaynor, Nancy Carroll and Vera Reynolds. That's quite a bit to accomplish in such a small parcel of femininity.

She may look like them, but Sally is as distinct a personality as you would find in a thousand mile walk—if you ever feel up to it, and haven't much to do before breakfast anyway.

Sally is one of the cutest little numbers to kick her way out of a Scandals chorus into a movie contract. She is pretty and as pert and as lively as the proverbial armless man with the hives. She has the Bow personality with a soft pedal on it, and anyone with a Bow personality is going to get some place, even if it is only the newspaper bannerlines. And Sally has ambition. She's always had it. Ambition with talent and chorus girl shrewdness is a go-get-'em combination. Look what it accomplished for Ruth Chatterton, Ina Claire, Marion Davies and Dorothy Mackaill. They all started by kicking, one-two-three. You're going to hear more of Sally. She's the original Miss Personality of 1930.

Good, old Pittsburg, hard by the Baltimore and Ohio, and Pennsylvania railroads, is Sally's natal city.

"And if you ask me if I come 'clean' from Pittsburgh I'll throw something at you, s'help me," she admonished.

At fourteen, after one year of high school, she went on the stage. Her schooling since then has been largely confined to backstage classrooms. You learn a lot there, too.

"I've always been stage-struck," she admitted, as she reached for a Lucky. "I had a girl friend in New York who wrote and said she thought she could get me a job. I traveled from Pittsburgh to New York on a half fare ticket. You see, I wasn't quite fourteen and very small. I wore my hair in curls down to my waist. Whenever the conductor came through I looked scared to death, and I didn't say a word on the whole trip. I clutched my ticket in my hand and by the time it was collected he couldn't tell whether I was going to New York or Oklahoma City. The printing was all worn off. Every once in a while I went into the ladies' room and talked to myself, just to see if I still had a voice.

"I grew up overnight in New York. I put up my hair, wore high heels and bought long dresses. When they tried me out for the chorus they could hardly keep me from going through all the dances I knew. That was a case where ignorance was bliss. I'd be scared pink now."

Her first show was with Ted Lewis. From there she went into the Scandals, which she helped enliven for three years. There was another long engagement in "Lemaire's Affairs," and then she signed with a Paramount-Publix act which toured to the coast.

It was Gus Edwards who first saw screen possibilities



Another Bow? Not Sally Starr, whose past held many "Scandals" but whose future knows only promise.

in Sally. She was given a test and considerable encouragement. The encouragement was so strong that she quit her job in the show. Her hopes were dashed to the ground when Harry Rapf, an executive at M-G-M said she showed promise, but there was nothing in sight for her at the present.

She was ready to go "back home and broke," when Metro sent for her and gave her the leading feminine role in "So This Is College." She signed a five year contract with options. The rub came in on those options. For the first three months she watched her step. When the next nine months option was taken up she "went Hollywood."

"I thought Sally Starr was set from then on," she admitted. "I went to a lot of parties, and I allowed myself to put on weight. The option wasn't renewed at the end of the year. Then I took stock of myself. I was trying to be the life of every party. I tried to sell myself to everyone I met, thinking that was the way you got along in pictures. I went to parties where I was bored stiff just because I thought I had to go."

A kind, but perhaps not too tactful friend, told Sally that people must have said she was cute, and that she was working too hard to live up to it.

Sally did an about-face. She sent for her father and mother, and her brother and sister. She took a house and began retrieving her vanishing career. She quit running around. She started to take off the pounds. She is nine pounds lighter than when she was under contract to M-G-M.

"I have a good reducing system, too," she laughed. "I have a husky sixteen year old" (Continued on page 64)

Conrad Nagel and Silver Screen's Girl-Friend Go Tripping in a Big City

CONRAD NAGEL hadn't been to New York for seven years. It had been all of five since I last visited Broadway. So, two hicks from Hollywood, we set out to see the big town together! To go places and do things!

"Where shall we go first?" I queried, with pleasant visions of the expensive Central Park Casino and the Ritz crossing my mind. After all, I was going sightseeing with a movie star!

But Conrad answered that we would start at the Aquarium.

"I've never been to the Aquarium," he admitted. "And I've always wanted to. Since living in Hollywood, I've made quite a study of fish and I'd like nothing better than to see a horse-fish of which I've read lately."

Well, after all, how many girls have seen a horse-fish? It was an opportunity!

We rattled down among the skyscrapers in one of those typical New York taxicabs and drew up finally where Manhattan meets the sea. There was a circular building there.

"This must be the place," I remarked brilliantly.

It was. And Conrad told me some history. The Aquarium originally was an opera house and as such was the scene of Jenny Lind's first concert in this country. And believe it or not, my little cabbages, tickets to that concert cost exactly ten hard, round iron men each! But you can get in free now.

However, getting down to fish, Conrad and I entered the "big pond" to the plaudits of two little boys, who pointing, asked their mother, "Mama, is that lady Polly Moran?"

After this recognition, we sauntered toward the circular cases which line the walls and contain every known kind and form of marine life, from caviar to Moby Dick.

"Just tell me how the evolutionists can explain this!" Conrad murmured over and over.

Eventually we arrived at the case containing the elusive sea-horse, a fish about two inches long, with the head of a horse, the epidermis of an alligator and the tail of a scorpion. Conrad was delighted to find that stuffed sea-horses could be purchased at the manager's office and made great haste to acquire several varieties to take to his little girl. He offered to buy me one. I am a little girl, too, but somehow or other, I didn't have a yen for a sea-horse.

After wandering about the corridors for several hours, we came out. I thought of Sherry's or Pierre's. But instead, we hailed a taxi and went to visit the new Chrysler Building, to get a nice view of New York.

The Chrysler Building is, while I write this, the tallest building in the world. But as the Empire State will be completed any moment now and Eiffel Tower is adding a steel spire, don't take this too seriously.



We looked down at all New York. What a sight! But Conrad, loyal son-of-Hollywood, brought me down to earth (figuratively, and not over the side of the building) by saying, "Oh, New York's all right, but I certainly do miss Malibu beach!"

We came down and went to lunch at the Ambassador on Park Avenue. That was grand. And while we were eating, an orchestra played soft melodies which reminded Conrad of the perfect harmony of his life.

"I have many interests," he vouchsafed. "One of my principal pleasures is organizing. I like to form committees—or even just be on committees. Of course, that takes up a great deal of my time but I find it well worth while."

"Aside from that, I have few hobbies. I like tennis and swimming and lately have become interested in fitting up a workshop like Rod LaRocque's."

"You know, Rod has a perfectly equipped tool-shop", he went on.

"And he is working on an invention which may make him many times a millionaire. It's a little gadget for answering the telephone and taking messages when no one is at home."

"I've watched him do so much of that kind of work that I've become interested in it myself."



Conrad and yours truly slightly dazed from visiting the Chrysler Tower, center of the skyscrapers above.



By
LAURA
BENHAM

willingness to adopt a thoughtful, sensible attitude and to make compromises.

"Why, marriage is just like any other expensive, intricate machine. How many men would expect an automobile to run without gasoline or oil? Well, no man should expect marriage to endure without the same amount of attention and pouring oil on the troubled waters that he would readily accord any other mechanism.

Conrad paused here and looked thoughtful. After a moment he went on.

"But there's one big regret in my life. That is that I don't know how to play the piano. Why, my father taught in a conservatory and could have given me every musical advantage. But, because like most boys I complained about practicing, I was allowed to abandon it after a few lessons.



Hanging heavy over Conrad's head, Park Avenue where the swells dwell and we ate our luncheon.

"Now, I'd give anything to be able to play. And I'm going to see to it that my daughter is an accomplished musician.

"For when she is grown and goes either on the stage or in pictures, if she comes home in the evening tired and weary, she can sit down

at her piano, let her fingers wander idly over the keys, and give herself a spiritual bath!"

Conrad takes the rearing of his little daughter seriously. And matrimony scientifically.

"Just lately Mrs. Nagel and I have settled a couple of questions that have been irritating us for years.

"She had a habit that got on my nerves and I had one that drove her nearly mad. So, we compromised.

"Her habit was never to be able to decide what she wanted to order in a restaurant. And mine was the absolute refusal to eat spinach.

"Now, you know if you're trying to bring up a child successfully, it doesn't do to allow her to turn down any good, healthful, food. But how could you expect to force a child to eat something which her father rejected?

"So, Ruth and I agreed to 'reform'. From now on, she is to order within five minutes after entering a restaurant. And I'm to eat anything that is on my plate.

"And that's the secret of a successful marriage. The

"Both Mrs. Nagel and myself have tried always to bring a sense of fair-play and compromise into our relations—and that's why I feel that our marriage can really be called successful."

Having thus delivered himself, Conrad decided that it was time for us to be on our way. Our next stop was a draw between Grant's Tomb and the Museum of Natural History. The Museum won—which was probably just as well as I had planned to give a Rebel yell while in Grant's Tomb.

"I'm especially interested in the African exhibits brought back by Roy Chapman Andrews," Mr. Nagel informed me. "Let's look for them first."

Making our way through the labyrinth of hallways, we finally came to the mammoth elephants bagged (does one bag elephants?) by Mr. Andrews. Conrad explained how the animals were reconstructed for preservation—to the enjoyment of two spinster ladies, who recognized the movie star and hung on his every word.

From the elephants we went to see the big whale. It occupied an entire room. Conrad knew all about whales, too.

"Do you know that one of the most valuable parts of a whale is the diseased intestine? That's what is used in making fine perfumes. In fact, it's the base of all good perfume and it's very hard to get. Whenever ships come upon dead whales, the first thing they go after is the disintegrating intestine, which is worth a great deal."

Having learned about whales from Conrad, we went to visit the gorillas. I was a little upset by the resemblance of one of them to our office-boy. So I suggested our departure.

Mr. Nagel was not loath to leave, because he was tired, too—but not downhearted. We paused to look at some marine exhibits and then scampered out.

"I love the ocean," Conrad explained. "I was in the Navy during the War. I was attached to the staff of one of the Commanders here in New York but I always hoped to go to sea."

We had expected to bring the day to a triumphant conclusion by going to a movie. But there weren't any movies we liked—and anyway, I've been to a movie. So we parted.

Well, sightseeing's a great life if your feet don't weaken!



SILVER SCREEN wants a slogan, something that expresses what these chorus kids express, youth, pep and beauty—the very spirit of Hollywood.

\$500

FOR FIVE WORDS

A Contest for Everybody

FIVE hundred dollars for five words!

That's what SILVER SCREEN is going to pay for a slogan that will stand for everything we are and everything we hope to be!

Five little words—or even less.

SCREENLAND is “America's Smart Screen Magazine.” That's four words.

Photoplay needs six. It calls itself “The National Guide to Motion Pictures.”

We want an equally descriptive slogan for SILVER SCREEN.

We want it to stand for youth, for gaiety, for chic. We want it to stand for fun and entertainment. And we want it to stand for information, accurate information, about pictures and picture people. In short, we want it to stand for Hollywood and all the romance that Hollywood typifies.

Use your brains. Stimulate your imagination. \$500 for five words. Or \$500 for four, or even three words, if they can express the youthful, peppy personality of SILVER SCREEN.

RULES OF CONTEST

1. There will be a prize of \$500 for the slogan selected.
2. In case the winning slogan has been submitted by more than one contestant, the full award will be given to each person.
3. Slogan must not be over five words, but can be less.
4. The judges will be a committee of members of SILVER SCREEN's staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this publication can submit slogans. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone, everywhere.
5. Contest closes on midnight of January 10th. SILVER SCREEN assumes no responsibility for manuscripts submitted, but the editors will be very glad to answer any questions regarding the contest.
6. Send your slogans to “Slogan Editor,” SILVER SCREEN, 45 West 45th St., New York City.

UNTIL we saw this picture, we never cared for a Green Christmas, but with Mitzi on the lookout for the big toy and reindeer man we know it will be a merry one. We wish you the same, Mitzi, and plenty more good pictures in your sock from old Papa Paramount.



MARY BRIAN'S

GLAD rags for the gladdest day in the year! That's what SILVER SCREEN brings to you this month. We've promised you exclusive, last-word fashions from Hollywood and New York—the regular sort that regular girls can afford.

So this month we got lovely Mary Brian to give us the lowdown on what she's going to wear for the holiday season. She selected these things while in New York recently, because they have all the youthfulness of typical Hollywood modes.

With this wardrobe a girl could go around the world and always be well-dressed. Nothing extreme, nothing extravagant, but smart, wearable outfits of distinction and charm.

Next month, SILVER SCREEN will show a wardrobe for a business girl.



Of dull-surfaced flat crepe in a warm tomato tone, Mary's peplum frock is suitable for afternoon or informal restaurant wear. With it she wears a black velvet hat and carries a black bag and beige suede gloves. The frock costs only \$29.50. Courtesy Stern Bros.

Mary's brown lace party frock is made on soft, dressmaker lines. The tiny puff sleeves and long, voluminous skirt are features of the new season. This frock which Mary had made, can be duplicated for around \$49.50



C H R I S T M A S

C L O T H E S



The 1930 version of the indispensable coat-suit is more charming and practical than ever, with its jacket of fur. Mary's choice is a black caracul jacket with a black wool skirt. With it she wears a blouse of wool lace and a cushion-brimmed hat of black felt. The entire outfit may be obtained for around \$125. Courtesy Stern Bros.



For delivering Christmas presents, or for school or business, this black sheer wool frock can supplement the fur jacket and felt hat of Mary's other outfit. Its touches of white and the short bolero jacket mark it as distinctly this year's. \$29.50, Courtesy Stern Bros.



ALL the contrast of Hollywood is in these two pages. Here, Dorothy Jordan of the gentle dove's eyes and the Southern voice so flatteringly subtle it could break a heart at twenty paces, is looking toward a great future with M-G-M. She's the love interest in "The Dark Star."



AND here, the most dramatic portrait we've ever seen, Marie Dressler, climbing the stairs to commit murder in "The Dark Star." No youth here, no beauty, but sheer acting genius of a grand old troupier, mistress of tears as well as laughter, and the best picture stealer in the business.



The latest cause of acute fan heart trouble, Robert Montgomery, murmuring sweet nothings to June Walker, a lovely lady from Broadway gone Hollywood for "War Nurse." This production promises to be one of the biggest pictures of the year but would any picture be less with Romeo Robert in it?



Another kind of love—
love midst evening gowns
and uniforms and high
society with a very slen-
der Irene Delroy playing
the only woman in the
world and Bramwell
Fletcher, playing the
suave gentleman who un-
derstands in "Men of the
Sky" for First National.



PROVING there are Bow legs that poets rave about. The "It" girl has adopted a new personality and lighter hair for "Her Wedding Night" and very becoming they both are, too. Now, if Clara will only learn to confine her capers to pictures all will be forgiven.



Illustrated by
FRANK GODWIN

Swiftly Nevada moved. There was a spurt of flame and Jimmy MacCray toppled to the floor with a bullet through his shoulder.

got brains, sweetheart. What do you want to get into this racket for?"

"Because I can act," said Nevada. "I know I can. I can ride, too, and swim, but I wouldn't say much about my dancing, on account of I've lived in the country most all my life. And I'm only seventeen, too, even if I do look a little older because I'm kinda tall and thin. You give me a break, brother, and I'll keep you in homemade pies for the rest of your life."

"You win," said Tim, "but how you knew that I'm a bachelor and live in a bum boarding house is beyond me."

"You just told me I had brains, didn't you?" said Nevada, and after that she was in the movies with a bang.

Well, maybe it's because Hollywood is so full of cheap boudoirs, of purchased kisses and passion covered with dollar signs—of kids with hungry hearts and hungrier stomachs, giving the only thing they've got for a day's work. But somehow this goofy stunt of Nevada Dolan's stood out. She wouldn't give what the other kids gave—she was as straight and regular as her name. But she had her own way of paying. She would feed any guy on the lot—and what a cook that girl was! It got to be a habit of all the grips and props and electricians and assistant directors to drift up to her place nights. She had a tiny shack up in Laurel Canyon, where rents were cheap, and in her small dining room a heterogeneous crowd set their teeth into meat stews, chocolate cake and fried chicken,

such as they hadn't tasted since they left home and mother. And in return they gave Nevada work. Lots of work. She got the work that other girls begged for with tears in their eyes, and paid for with their youth and beauty.

But it was not all generosity, either. The kid could troupe. She wasn't setting the world on fire, but she was getting somewhere—and she was happy. She was somebody, she was Nevada Dolan. And every once in a while they gave her a bit, letting her ride far into the sunset or some such thing—and occasionally she got a closeup with the star.

Then she met Jimmy MacCray.

That's the chance that every woman takes in life—a chance of meeting a Jimmy MacCray. Well, Nevada met Jimmy, and took upon herself the burden of his life, as well as her own.

Now Jimmy wasn't the handsomest man in Hollywood—but he had something more than looks. This was before the days of Elinor Glyn and "It," but the quality he had was pure sex-appeal, nevertheless. And he had no more feeling than a set of false teeth.

He had drifted into Hollywood at the wheel of an expensive foreign car, and when he decided to stay, his employers were forced to engage another chauffeur for their return trip to Chicago.

Then began his career as itinerant actor, prop man, assistant director. Those were the things he did for a living, but the thing he really (Continued on page 54)

*The young man
himself. Watch his
stuff. Each month
he'll give you the
low down on the
higher ups.*



By
JIMMY
STARR

YOUNG MAN About ~ ~ HOLLYWOOD

HOWDY, folks—so this is Hollywood, where one eats in Brown Derby cafes, buys coffee cakes in Windmill bakeries, plays miniature golf in backgrounds of Alaska and Japan, rides on sidewalks in Bantam cars and often takes the host's wife home, or vice versa.

* * *

Hollywood was laid out by the early settlers, but they forgot to bury it.

* * *

A telephone operator at the Paramount studio got a radio with gum coupons.

She's now chewing on an automobile.

* * *

Jack Warner is raising a mustache. The trouble is you can't tell whether he looks just as funny, or funnier.

* * *

One of the bright young things around cinemaland brought her car into a garage and said something was the matter—it putt-putted.

Probably parked it in front of a miniature golf course.

* * *

"Sin Takes a Holiday" is not a story about Hollywood.

* * *

Polly Moran called the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio the other day to say she would be a few hours late.

"Where are you?" asked a studio executive.

"Down at the Los Angeles Tent and Awning Company," replied Polly, "having a brassiere fitted."

* * *

Kay Francis says: Cecil B. DeMille's stage at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is known as "The Land of Nod."

* * *

Business men base success on co-operation; musical producers on the fact that the chorus is always kicking.

Sign on the corner of Western Avenue and Beverly Boulevard:

This lot will positively not be used as a miniature golf course. A first class cafe will be erected immediately.

Laugh that one off.

* * *

The trouble with the college kids of Hollywood is: they get eighty behind a steering wheel, but never on an examination paper.

* * *

Ladies of the cinema have started on another fad of reducing. Funny thing, but most women with truck bodies have runabout ideas.

* * *

New Hollywood slogan:

It makes a whale of a difference when you try to show-off on a sardine income.

* * *

The question and answer department:

"I'm very sorry to inform you, Agnes, but Rin-Tin-Tin has retired from the movies to run an exclusive flea circus."

* * *

There's a Scotch actor in the talkies who speaks through his nose to save the wear and tear on his false teeth.

* * *

Carl Laemmle, Sr., has a very large chicken ranch on the outskirts of Hollywood. This is the old man's hobby and it is now on a paying basis.

In case Universal makes a couple of bad pictures, maybe the supervisors can start peddling eggs from house to house.



IS SHE
THE COMING
GREAT
STAR?

NANCY CARROLL seems to have everything—beauty, youth, charm, acting ability and luck. Three years ago, totally unknown, she was selected to play the Irish Rose of the famous Abie. She clicked. She did several unimportant pictures. Came talkies. She clicked again. More unimportant pictures and then "The Devil's Holiday," a small production that Nancy made great by her performance. Now she's created the miracle again in "Laughter." Watch this girl. She's showing more promise than any girl on the screen.

MORE MOVIE TOWN TOPICS



A Hollywood actor looking hard at his book. But it isn't a gag. Jean Hersholt really reads and has a library of early Shakespeare editions that make collectors envious.

CLARENCE BROWN, director, ex-husband of Ona Wilson and recently fiancé of Dorothy Sebastian, has been doing the romantic free-lancing business—meaning that his heart is twittering from dame to dame. The latest flame is Sally Blane, sister of Loretta Young and Polly Ann Young.

* * *

P. G. Wodehouse, inimitable British humorist, is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to the tune of \$2500 per week.

P. G. simply adores a garden to work in. He must have a garden with flowers. He simply must! Really. He doesn't like working in a studio. Really. It's a lot of bally rot and all that sort of thing. Really.

Studio executives fixed P. G. up with a garden in the film plant. It was an old set on the back lot. The first day, P. G. sat in this studio-constructed garden and worked. He had his rocking-chair. He always works in a rocking chair. And he had his typewriter. He was happy in his garden.

After P. G. completed work the first day, a strolling prop man found the typewriter and took it back to the prop room. P. G. came to work the next day, but said nothing about the typewriter being gone. He just sat in the garden.

On the second night the rocking chair disappeared, probably by the same means. On the third day, P. G. had nothing left but the garden—so he went home to work, and there he works in his own garden. P. G. is happy — with \$2500 a week from Hollywood.

* * *

Guinn "Big Boy" Williams, who is said to have

A charming daughter who models after her mother is Frances Rich. That's Irene's head in her hands, while Irene herself and daughter Jane are watching.



(Continued from page 9)

had a slight romance with Fannie Brice before she married song-writer Billy Rose, is having heart failure over Mary Philbin, ex-Universal star.

Big Boy is of the bashful class, and when he holds Mary's hand under the dinner table, it's a large evening for him.

* * *

Mary Doran, pretty M-G-M actress, is causing the pulse to jump for Edwin Gelsey, story chief of the Universal studio.

Edwin is red-headed, but quite calm of nature. It looks like a heavy romance.

* * *

Alyce McCormick, crimson-haired actress, former love-bird in the heart of Billy Joy, Leatrice's brother and movie agent, has joined the Joy company as a peddler of players.

Alyce found jobs were few and far between, so she is now selling other actors to the studios.

Martha Mattox, character actress, tried this and got herself a job. Maybe Alyce can do the same.

* * *

Cupid and the stork are two of the busiest birds in Cinemaland

Ruth Clifford, wife of James Cornelius, Beverly Hills real estate man, is the mother of a son—a future real estate salesman.

By the time he grows up, Los Angeles will probably be ready for another boom.

* * *

Bobby Agnew, one of the few really promising juveniles of the silent picture days, can't connect in the talkies at all. It's really a shame. Bobby is an awfully clever lad.

Recently he has been appearing on the stage in the prologue of "Hell's Angels" at Grauman's Chinese theatre in Hollywood.

* * *

Arthur Rankin is another chap who is having a run of very tough luck. He's worked about two weeks since last January.

His last big part was in "Submarine." He enacted one of the most convincing death scenes ever put on the screen.

* * *

James Horne, director at the Hal Roach studio, opened a miniature golf course in Glendale in a rather ultra fashion.

He had "Our Gang" and Laurel and Hardy in person. Charley Chase was master of ceremonies. Police reserves were called to take care of the crowd. He's doing a great business since.

* * *

LeRoy Mason is one of the best looking chaps in Hollywood, but he can't get a break. It's just one of those things that even the wise-babies can't explain.

LeRoy is married to Rita Carewe, daughter of Edwin Carewe, the director and producer.

During the recent slump in Heart Break Town, LeRoy took to selling radios for autos. He made good and has been promoted to assistant sales manager.

* * *

Danny Dowling, handsome extra man and professional dancer, got his big chance as a partner to Julianne Johnson, former screen leading woman, who has gone back to the stage.

The pair were being featured at a big San Francisco hotel and were becoming the social rage as perfect ballroom dancers. They were engaged to open at the Roosevelt Hotel in Hollywood, but Danny fell one day during rehearsal.

An x-ray examination disclosed that Danny will not be able to dance again.

That's what you call a tough break.

* * *

Charlotte Merriam, former wife of Rex Lease, Tiffany star, was engaged by the studio the other day to play a small part in "The Third Alarm."

Some years ago, Charlotte was a star, and Rex was only a struggling extra man trying to get a break. Once they were very much in love, and it seems strange to see them working on the same lot and not speaking.

* * *

Francis X. Bushman, one of the early film stars, made his stage comeback recently in Hollywood in a play called "Thin Ice."

Aileen Pringle, former M-G-M star, who is having difficulty getting started in the talkies, is co-featured with Bushman.

Judging from the local press notices, the play is well named.

* * *

Joseph M. Schenck, boss of the United Artists studio, has been granted a permit to drill for oil on his Santa Monica beach prop-

erty frontage.

Oils well that ends well.

* * *

Charles Francis Coe, fiction and scenario writer, was fishing for swordfish near Catalina Island recently, when an unusually large denizen of the deep almost pulled him overboard.

The battle resulted in Charley getting bad bruises and a fractured knee. Dick Arlen, who was yachting with friend wifey, Jobyna Ralston, came to the

rescue and rushed Charley to shore and medical aid. Just our Dick, a hero in real as well as reel life.

* * *

Years ago, when Ruth Roland was the feminine daredevil of the Pathe serials, Andrew Waldron was a fairly well known player. He appeared in many of the chapter-plays, including "Reckless Chances" and "The Hills of Missing Men."

Since then, Andy has had bad luck. He is a poor man while Ruth is rich—one of the wealthiest women in pictures. But Ruth hasn't forgotten the old days, or Andy.

Ruth is as big-hearted as she is happy. She gave Andy tenancy in a bungalow court which she owns, and she never fails to visit the old man to cheer him up.

There's a real girl for you.

* * *

Hollywood's most temperamental actress, Jetta Goudal, is going to be married soon, so rumor says. The brave and daring gentleman is Harold Grieve, well-known interior decorator.

Miss Goudal's screen career has been nothing if not hectic. Sets on which she worked were always electrically charged and tense. And the climax of her tempestuous career came when she won a judgment against Pathe for \$31,000, following which she retired.

Since that time, she has dabbled more or less in interior decorating and it was through that mutual interest that she met Grieve.

* * *

The matrimonial bark of Alma Rubens and Ricardo Cortez, which weathered the storms of adversity, has gone down in smooth waters.

During all the months of Alma's valiant battle with drugs, Ricardo stood staunchly by, a bulwark of strength. But now, with the battle won, Alma is suing for divorce. However, it is understood to be by mutual agreement.

* * *

Jim Cruze is nothing if not broad-minded. He signed Betty Compson, who recently divorced him, for the lead in his latest picture "Discontent". And he smiles approval on Hugh Trevor, Betty's current consolation, when the handsome young leading man visits the set to escort the erstwhile Mrs. Cruze home.



Under the jewels of her ring, Jean Arthur conceals a tiny flask of perfume. Ah, these Hollywood gals. What they don't think of—or with!



Silver Screen's favorite actor, Oscar, the laugh hound of "All Quiet on the Canine Front." Personally we'd gladly lead a dog's life if we got Oscar's pay check.

Is HOLLYWOOD'S SUPREMACY Threatened?

By
DOROTHY
HERZOG

IS Hollywood's supremacy threatened? It is sad to report, but I can't dodge it. Our Hollywood-ites no longer rule the silver screen. Al Jolson's "Jazz Singer," the pioneer outloud, clanged a menace to the international dominance of American films that is growing to an alarming thunder.

The sway of Hollywood personalities appears to be limited now to the United States and its colonies and, to a lesser extent, to England and the British colonies.

I got this with a thud when I visited Paramount's Joinville studio. Here, they make originals and re-make the stories produced in Paramount's Hollywood studio. They shoot talkies in fourteen languages: French, Spanish, Portugese, German, Hungarian, Czech, Swedish, Polish, Italian, Roumanian, Croat, (for the Serbs, Croats, and Jugo-Slavs) and Dutch.

What Hollywood is to Los Angeles, the slumbrous village of Joinville-on-the-Seine is to Paris. The similarity, however, ends with the geographical attachment. Paris is indifferent to the cinema, to those engaged in it, and to the millions of dollars invested in it. To them, the motion picture is a plump, vulgarly rich industry, precipitated into international prominence and controlled by American enterprise.

The French as a whole tolerated silent pictures. Likewise, as a whole, they will have none of the American

talkies. It would be easier to sell ice-cream at the North or South Pole than American talkies on the Continent. One little theatre in Paris, alone, is the exception. The Pantheon, on the left Bank, offers a talkie haven to homesick tourists.

Indeed, with the advent of talkies, the latent jealousy inspired by Hollywood's film rule has boiled to the surface. Hollywood personalities mean nothing to foreign screens unless they speak the native languages. And how many do? I'll name, for the French contingent, Maurice Chevalier, Adolphe Menjou, Claudette Colbert, Jetta Goudal, Elise Bartlett, and you name the rest. There aren't many Germans left on the Coast. Joseph Schildkraut, I think, stands alone. Antonio Moreno, Gilbert Roland, Don Alvarado, Dolores Del Rio, Lupe Velez, speak Spanish. Victor Varconi and Paul Lukas speak Hungarian. But there are few who remain who have duo-talkie value to producers.

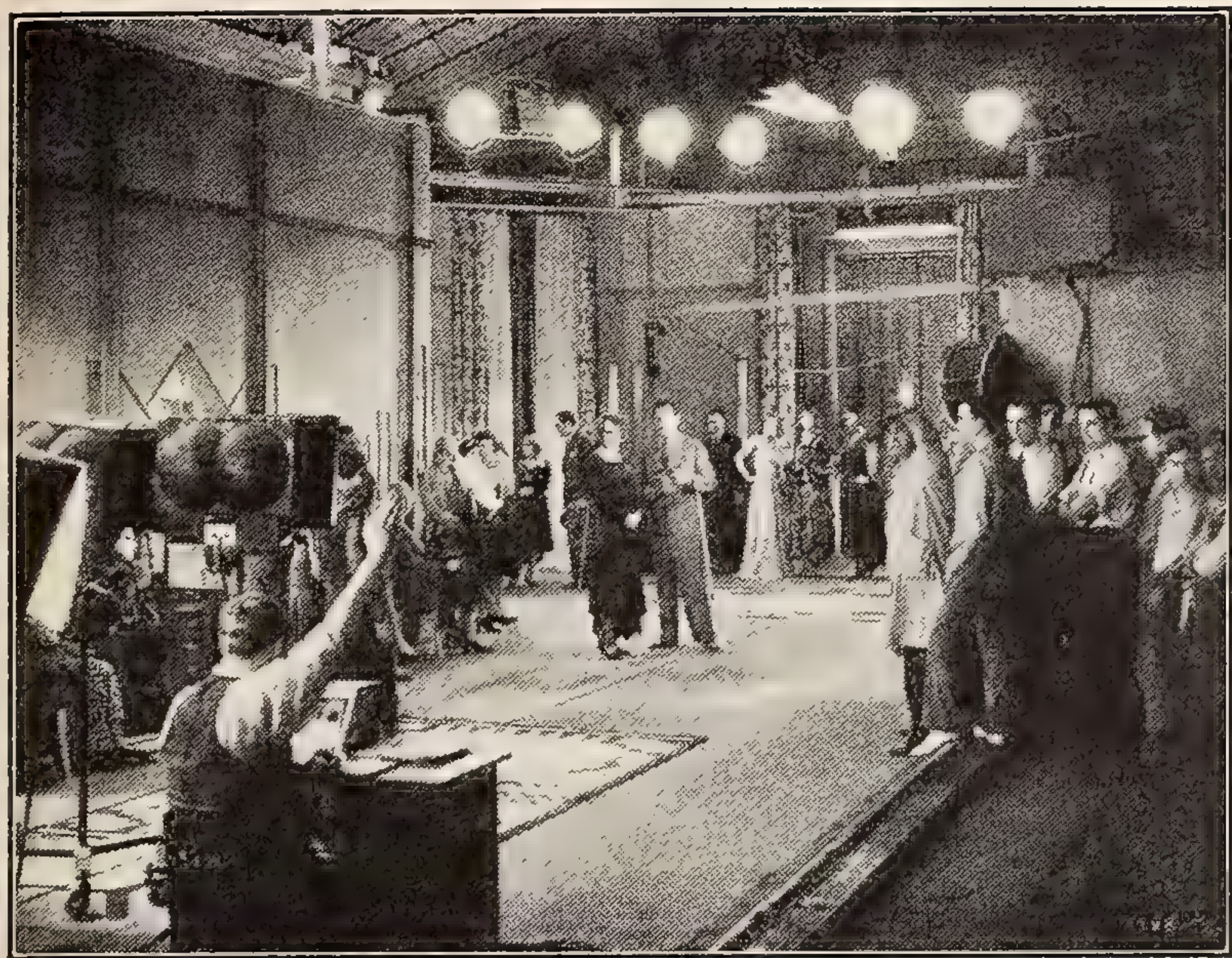
More than once, since coming to Paris, I have recalled the early talkie days when Hollywood table chatter speculated how the outlouds would affect the American careers of Greta Garbo, Nils Asther, Emil Jannings, Conrad Veidt, Lya de Putti, Lily Damita, Paul Lukas, and the rest of the foreign colony. I wager you that regardless what the talkies did to them, what foreign countries have done to U. S. talkies has been more than drastic retaliation.



Even vivacious Italians have their quiet moments. "La Voce del Cuore" company ("Sarah and Son" in English) pauses between shots to give us an inside slant on how Italians make talkies in France.



Yes, they have studio parties in France, too. But look how much simpler than our old Hollywood custom is this sylvan luncheon at the Paramount Joinville Studio given for members of the French press.



Fritz Delius proves that "The Lady Lies" in German, too. Claudette Colbert played the delectable heroine in the American version. Notice the few lights used, as compared to our hundreds turned on every scene.

Why, the studio is a modern tower of Babel. One's ears ring with a gibber of noises. I listened, aghast. It was very interesting, but all I could visualize was a large crepe band settling like black fate upon the autocratic capital of American picture making.

Recently I listened to a well known film executive confess that he would give his right arm and half his fortune if he could kick the talkies into the ash-can. He meant what he said, for one hand rested on his pocket-book! A veteran stage producer like David Belasco is quoted in an interview as saying he would invest his money and his time in silent pictures were he a younger man. He is pessimistic about the future of the talkies and the survival of talkie personalities. He bases his opinion not on the international financial havoc caused by each country demanding films in their native tongue but on the quality (or lack of it) of the current talkies.

There was more to wonder about in Joinville. Months ago, Ruth Chatterton starred in "Sarah and Son." Paramount's Joinville studio has remade this same story in French, Polish, Italian, German, and Spanish. In each instance, native directors megaphoned the film. They selected their casts from their own country. Ruth Chatterton won't be seen in these countries. Local actors will.

What is the significance of this? Devastating, simply devastating. Ruth's popularity has been automatically halved. So has her box-office field. Her pictures still cost as much to produce but their earning capacity can never be the same under existing conditions. You can figure what this will ultimately mean to Miss Chatterton and her \$5000 or so weekly salary.

I speak of Ruth only because her picture, "Sarah and Son," was running the production gamut at the Joinville-League-of-Nations' lot. What is true of her is true of the entire roster of Hollywood players.

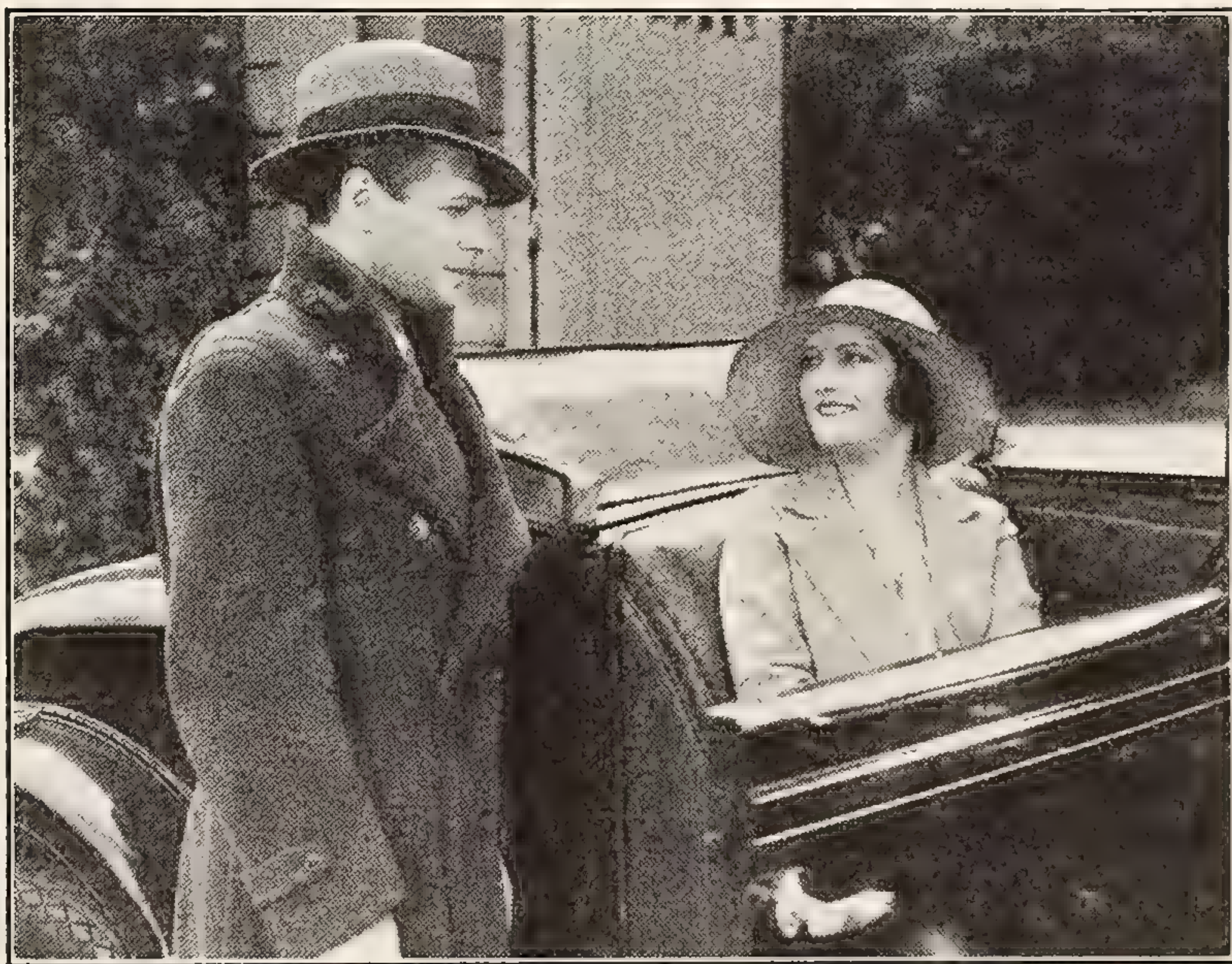
Producers have battled high salaries since the days Mary Pickford set the pace. They have always lost. The public elevated unknowns to stardom and producers found themselves paying for the promotion. Now, it looks as though they will win the high salary battle. Picture salaries will eventually revert to normalcy, \$1500 and \$2500 being top. In winning, however, producers lose, for insofar as the American player's box office range is limited, just so far is the producer's income depleted.

You hear these thoughts expressed with trembling fear in Hollywood, New York, and Paris. You hear them from English film men, too. The English resent the American accent on the screen. Ronald Colman, Evelyn Brent, Clive Brook, William Austin, and a few other names, perhaps, are very popular in England, but our rank and file of stars receive no smiles in Great Britain.

But let's get back to Joinville.

The studio sits atop a hill overlooking the peace and beauty of the winding Seine. There is the inevitable gateman, of course. Strange as it may seem, he was pleasant and agreeable.

Once inside, we see familiar sights: stages, carpenter shops, laboratories, dressing-rooms, laborers digging, electricians shoving lights from one stage to another, players walking to a set carrying make-up cases, etc. We look for star bungalows on the order of Ramon Novarro's, Norma Shearer's, Norma Talmadge's. There are none. Players dress in rooms and like it.



One look at Marcelle Chantal and we decided to learn French. She appears in the foreign version of "Sarah and Son," playing Ruth Chatterton's role and thereby cutting down Ruth's public.

The stages are smaller than those in Hollywood. They rise to no impressive heights, but they are built similarly, being of brick over steel and lined with rock wool to make them sound proof. When Paramount purchased this property three months ago, there were two stages. Now, there are six.

The electrical and sound equipment was brought from New York at tremendous expense. We see the familiar sunlight arcs and "boxed" cameras. A camera costs approximately \$8000 in America. After duty is paid to the customs officials here, the same camera in France costs \$10,000. That is 250,000 francs and when you stop to consider that 250,000 francs in this country is a sizeable fortune that enables a Frenchman to realize his fondest dream—to retire to a small farm and wile away his days as he chooses—you know what that amount of money means in France. Think of it. The price of one movie camera would whirl a Frenchman to Utopia! At that, it would start me well on the way, too. . . .

I lunched with Dimitri Buchowetski in the studio cafe. You must recall his name. He megaphoned "Midnight Sun" and sundry Hollywood pictures in the silent days. Later, he transferred his efforts to Wall Street, amassed a fortune, and cleared out (Continued on page 57)



LEADING LADY ~ ~ AGED NINETEEN

By
MARGARET REID

She's Marguerite Churchill,
A Starlet of Genuine Charm

Marguerite loves acting, books and throwing knives in the back yard.

"I'M afraid this is going to be awfully hard for you. Normal people make pretty dull reading. What can you possibly say about me?"

The speaker was Marguerite Churchill.

"On these occasions," said Marguerite, "I'd give anything to be picturesque. But I'm just painfully average."

"Well," said Marguerite's mother, "It may make her less dashing copy, but it does make her a lot pleasanter to live with. I'm sure I don't know what I'd do with one of those human fireworks in the house."

"As a matter of fact, normalcy doesn't necessarily make dull copy—just awfully different," I said.

The cast of this interview thus introduced sat at luncheon in the sunny dining-room of the sunny, comfortable little Churchill house, which is just like all the other sunny, comfortable little houses on this pleasant street in Beverly Hills. The street is on the other side of Wilshire Boulevard from the "show places". Just as Marguerite is on the other side of the road from the show-offs of her trade.

Marguerite is pretty—with a fresh, wholesome beauty. Her long hair is a rich auburn, as are her eyebrows and lashes. Gentle brown eyes, a delicate nose and



Safe in the arms of love and John Wayne, Marguerite plays the pioneer heroine of "The Big Trail."

mouth, absurdly white teeth—all the accoutrements of what school-girls should look like and seldom do.

It is only accidental that she isn't a schoolgirl. Only nineteen, she might very well be. Except for a fate that made her an actress instead.

That happened when Marguerite was eleven.

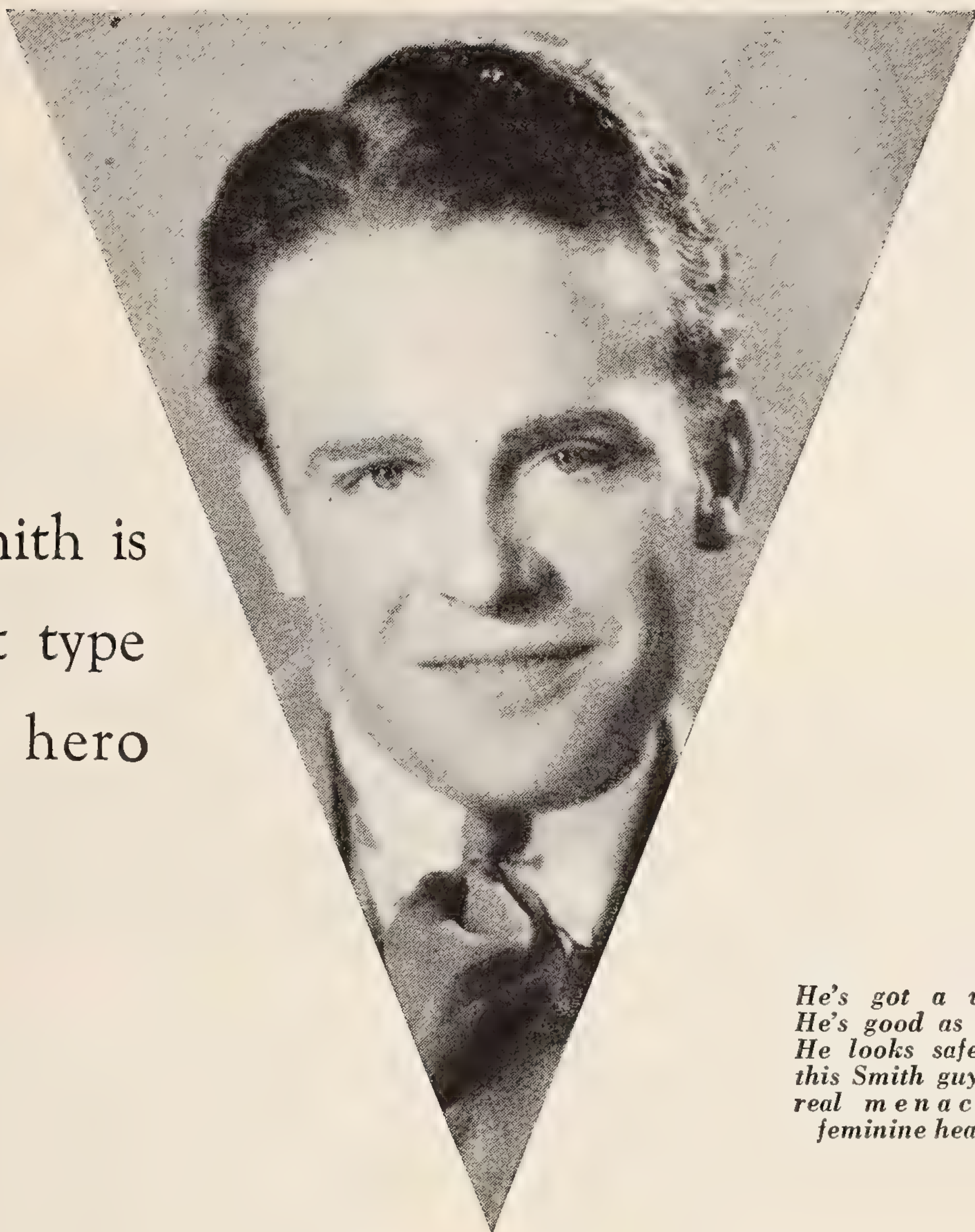
"No one had ever been on the stage in our family," she said: "but my father owned and operated theatres and I had always wanted to act. When I was eleven, father died. And it was necessary that I decide to do something some day—prepare myself for some definite means of earning a living.

"So we—mother and I—decided on the stage."

After that, Marguerite could hold her ambition for only two years. She went to the Professional Children's School in New York and into a production, "Why Not", and no one suspected that the leading ingenue was only thirteen years of age. It was Marguerite's first appearance, but she gave a good performance.

Beginning in leading roles, Marguerite's inevitable apprenticeship was not accomplished among the "walk-on" sector. This period occurred, not in obscurity, but in the celebrated Theatre (Continued on page 58)

THE SINGING JEWEL



By
KAY
WILSON

Stanley Smith is
the newest type
of movie hero

*He's got a voice.
He's good as gold.
He looks safe but
this Smith guy is a
real menace to
feminine hearts.*

PARAMOUNT has such nice boys! The kind that look safe but are the real menace to feminine hearts. Who typify every mother's son and every girl's sweetheart—but whose eyes hint that with a little encouragement they could be the third side in anybody's triangle.

Like Buddy Rogers, Gary Cooper, Richard Arlen, Neil Hamilton, Phillips Holmes. And now there's Stanley Smith, newest member of the dashing group. And one of the busiest. In fact, he is a leading candidate for the trans-continental commutation record, so often has he trekked back and forth between the eastern and western Paramount studios.

At present, he just completed the lead opposite Clara Bow in "Love Among the Millionaires" and is in the East to play Romeo to Ginger Rogers in "Manhattan Mary." Tall, with curly blond hair and opaque blue eyes, Stanley Smith might well be the cream in any girl's coffee. But instead of a weakness for the dangerous sex, Stanley confesses that his career is the lodestar of his life.

And he has another claim to distinction—he made good in his own home town!

For though he was born in Kansas City, he was reared in the film capital and it was in the Hollywood High School that he received his first dramatic training. And it is in the same town that he has made every one of his steps to success.

When I saw Stanley he was in his usual high spirits. He had just arrived in New York and was all excited about playing in the East.

"I've always loved the stage and pictures," he began. "When I was just a kid going to school in Kansas, other kids in the neighborhood and myself rigged up a marionette theater in which we put on all kinds of shows. Our mothers dressed little dolls for us to use for actors and we finally got so we were pretty good at manipulating them.

"Then, when I finished grammar school, mother and I decided to move to Hollywood. My father still lives in the east. It was the climate which attracted mother (Chamber of Commerce, please take note,) but the movies were my suppressed desire. You see, I had already determined that somehow or other I was going to be an actor.

"So when I entered high school I joined all the dramatic societies and glee clubs—and spent as much time and money as I could in going to shows and movies.

"During summer vacations I got any kind of studio work I could—office boy, 'prop man', anything just to get inside the sacred gates. Why, one of the biggest moments of my life was when I landed the job to handle Elliot Dexter's fan mail!"

Stanley chuckled as he recalled those not so far distant days when the desire to play opposite such stars as Clara Bow and Nancy Carroll seemed an almost fantastic dream.

He has an engaging, boyish laugh which belies his stern efforts to appear the very earnest man of the world. For the first impression he creates is one of slightly-blasé worldliness. The real Stanley Smith, a delightfully simple, straightforward lad, is buried beneath (Continued on page 60)



WHAT A WIDOW—United Artists

WHAT a surprise! Gloria Swanson goes slapstick in a big way in this odyssey of a young widow who sets out to see the world. Owen Moore is her attorney who has her interests at heart—his own, while Lew Cody plays an amiable inebriate. Complications ensue, but gorgeous Gloria, with her nightie trailing, manages to straighten thing out in her naive way. **RATING: Good.**



WAY FOR A SAILOR—M-G-M

JOHAN GILBERT answers his critics—and how! In “Way for a Sailor” Gilbert’s voice and acting are great.

He plays a tough tar constantly “on the make” for a hard-hearted Hannah, played by Lelia Hyams. But, he’s a glutton for punishment. Wally Beery is great in a featured role but Jim Tully, the writer, is terrible and should stick to his pen. **RATING: Excellent.**



THE OFFICE WIFE—Warner Brothers

ALL pretty secretaries will probably be out of jobs the day after the boss’ wife sees “The Office Wife.” It’s that kind of a picture. Dorothy Mackaill is Lewis Stone’s secretary, who wins his love from a frivolous wife played by Natalie Moorhead. Honest and accurate and grandly acted. So be sure to see this one. **RATING: Excellent.**

Silver Screen's



THE BIG TRAIL—Fox

MAJESTIC in quality, epic in scope, “The Big Trail” is a vast and gripping monument to the early Empire Builders. The story is completely simple, but every American will thrill to this great document of the conquest of a new land. The terrific struggle with the elements and the Indians is simply and sincerely told, with an all-compelling humanness dominating the entire production. John Wayne, a newcomer, and Marguerite Churchill, give splendid performances as the pioneer lovers, and the rest of the cast contribute flawless characterizations.

RATING: Excellent.



CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK—Radio

HERE is the laughingest hit of the season—the long-awaited comedy of Amos 'n Andy.

Heretofore, radio and stage stars have been disappointing to movie fans—but not Amos 'n Andy. They've clicked—and then some!

The story, merely a background for gags, brings in all the famous characters used on the air. There is never a dull moment.

Amos 'n Andy are wows and the cast headed by Irene Rich and Sue Carol is expert. The Duke Ellington Band provides knockout musical numbers.

“Check and Double Check” is a hit—and a big one.

RATING: Excellent.

Reviewing Stand



MOROCCO—Paramount

MARLENE DIETRICH, newest of foreign importations, justifies all advance promises and rises to superb histrionic heights in "Morocco," a story of the Foreign Legion. She plays a beautiful lady in distress, marooned in Morocco, who marries Adolph Menjou, a millionaire, and then falls in love with Gary Cooper—who can blame her for that? Gary himself does the best work of his career as the romantic Legionaire, and Menjou is suave and sophisticated. Settings of rare beauty and interesting treatment distinguish this film, which you can't afford to miss.

RATING: Excellent



MOTHER'S CRY—First National

THIS is the first real mother love story of the talkies. "Mother's Cry" is a fine, intelligent, dramatic story of the mother of four children—one a genius, one quite romantic, one domestic and of course one a black sheep. And just as you expect, she loves the black sheep best.

The acting is often superlative and the direction is deserving of much praise.

Dorothy Peterson, a newcomer, wins her right to stardom through a magnificent performance. Edward Woods, Helen Chandler, Evelyn Knapp, Sidney Blackmer and Pat O'Malley complete a perfect cast.

"Mother's Cry" is sob stuff sanely done.

RATING: Excellent



ILLICIT—Warner Brothers

HERE is an ultra-modern society drama done very sophisticatedly and daringly.

Everything about the production has been expertly done—cast, direction and treatment. Barbara Stanwyck rises to new dramatic heights as the girl dead set against marriage, while James Rennie as the man who desires wedlock is great. The lines of the picture are grand. RATING: Excellent.



KISMET—First National

A CLEVER script, good direction, a lavish production and a grand characterization by Otis Skinner make this a picture worth seeing. As Hajj, the Beggar of Bagdad, he commits all sorts of gay rascalities. He's the whole show.

Incidental love interest is supplied nicely by Loretta Young and David Manners and the supporting cast is great.

You'll enjoy "Kismet"—it's different. RATING: Good.



HER WEDDING NIGHT—Paramount

GET out your adjectives and use them once more on Clara Bow. In "Her Wedding Night" Clara is the slim, smouldering gal of her early pictures. She plays an actress who gets married by mistake—to two men, Ralph Forbes and Skeet Gallagher, and falls in love with one of them. Charles Ruggles is a swell comic. RATING: Excellent.



SILVER SCREEN'S



JUST IMAGINE—Fox

JUST imagine yourself fifty years from now. Just imagine being on Mars. That's the locale of this unusual talkie. You peer into the future of thrills and laughter—and how! El Brendel plays a stowaway to Mars, and Maureen O'Sullivan and John Garrick are the lovers in this goofy picture, which will make you shiver with excitement and giggle with joy. Different, but you'll enjoy it. **RATING: Good.**



THE GORILLA—First National

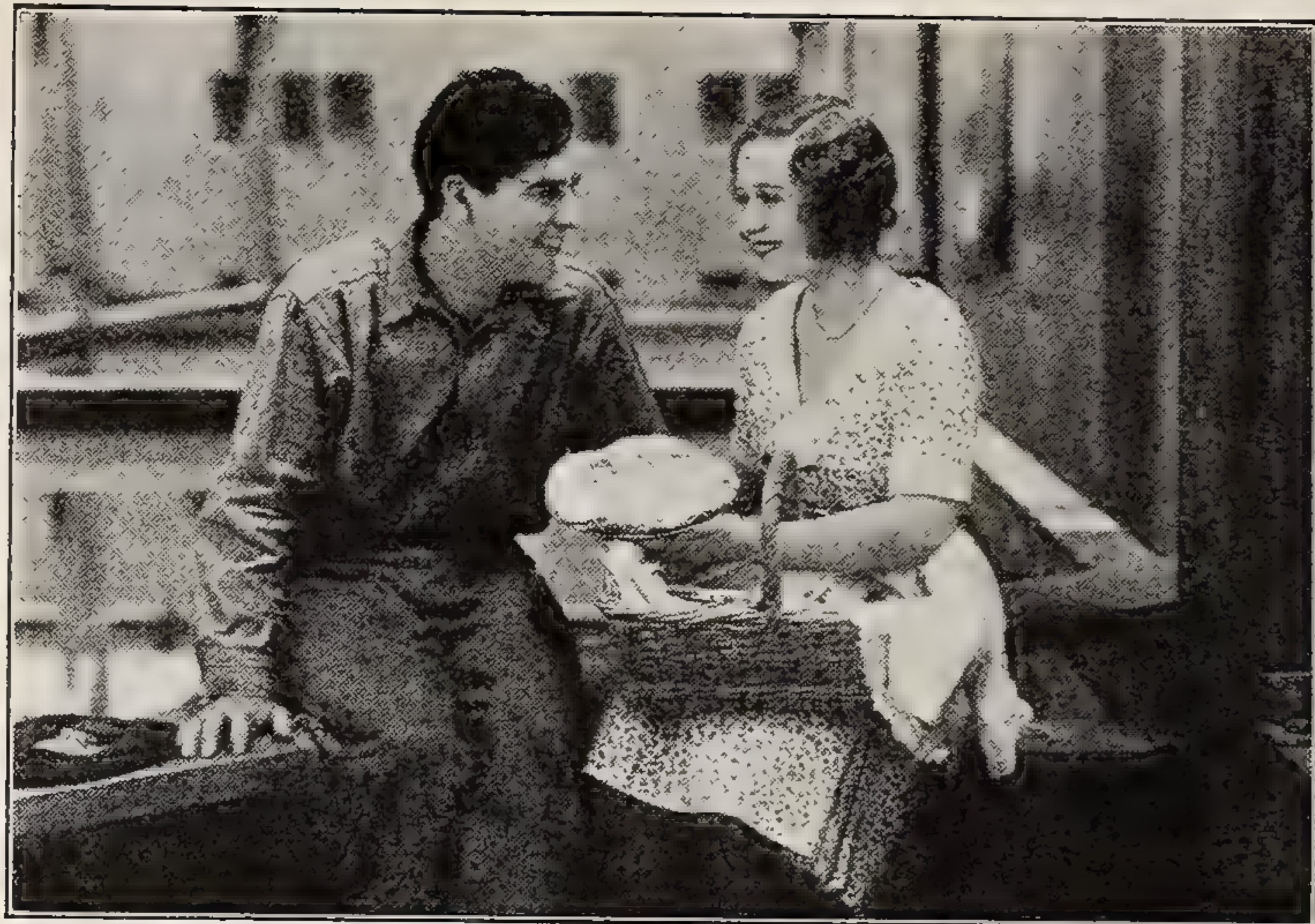
ANOTHER repeater. Our old friend "The Gorilla" has finally emerged from the sound studios. It has become a burlesque on the usual run of mystery plays, and is hilariously funny.

Joe Friscoe (of vaudeville fame) and Harry Gribbon play the dumb detectives. Lila Lee is charming as the girl and Walter Pidgeon is her young man. **RATING: Good.**



SCOTLAND YARD—Fox

DESPITE a hackneyed plot, this is fairly entertaining. It's the old gag about the injured crook, who by means of plastic surgery, is given a new face, that of a banker. He assumes his new role with one eye on the banker's money and the other on his pretty wife. And the wife, Joan Bennett, finds the gay deceiver fascinating! **RATING: Fair.**



THE HOT HEIRESS—First National

ANOTHER musical comedy, yes—but don't turn away—this one is good.

"The Hot Heiress" is a funny and romantic mixture about a society bud and an iron riveter.

Ona Munson, a newcomer, is great and Ben Lyon, giving an excellent performance, displays considerable vocal talent. Good gags and fun. You'll like this. **RATING: Good.**



THE LADY SURRENDERS—Universal

ABIT of heavy drama splendidly done. A dissatisfied wife writes a novel about her husband's faults. Under a nom de plume, of course. The trouble begins when he reads the book and insists on an audience with the author to present the husband's point of view. Two newcomers, Genevieve Tobin and Rose Hobart, play the women with Conrad Nagel playing the husband. **RATING: Good.**



HEADS UP—Paramount

BUT the title is all that's on the up about this! Buddy Rogers plays a young naval officer, trying to elude the matchmaking mother of Margaret Breen. Helen Kane is a boopa-doop sweetie, and Victor Moore does a nut comedian well, but the story is just too ancient. Buddy is his usual ebullient self, however. **RATING: Fair.**

R E V I E W I N G S T A N D

DIVORCE AMONG FRIENDS—*First National*

THIS rings the martial, pardon us, marital doorbell. If you're married you'll squirm in your seat—and laugh heartily. And if you're not married, you'll learn a few real things about wedlock—and laugh heartily.

It's clever, satirical comedy about a discontented husband and wife, played by James Hall and Irene Delroy, with Natalie Moorhead as the menace. **RATING:** Good.

THE DOORWAY TO HELL—*Warners*

IF you can stand another gangster story, you may go for this. It's all about a young racketeer, played by Lew Ayres, who tries to quit the game. Lew seems miscast, while Dorothy Mathews, a newcomer, is too inexperienced for a leading role. Robert Elliot and James Cagney give the best performances in the film. You can take it or leave it—it won't make much difference. **Rating:** Poor.

THE SANTA FE TRAIL—*Paramount*

A WESTERN as is a Western, with all the thrilling ingredients of a swell picture. The locale is Spanish Acres, a grazing land for cattle, and there is much intrigue, a villain, a beautiful senorita and the gallant hero. Richard Arlen is excellent while the heroine is a newcomer, Rosita Moreno. Mitzi Green and Eugene Palette provide real comedy. **RATING:** Good.

THE SILVER HORDE—*Radio*

RADIO PICTURES spent much money and time in an effort to secure an epic of the great outdoors, intermingled raw drama, and salmon fisheries.

The result is too bad. A terribly mediocre story which, despite some good acting, proves to be a sad affair.

Evelyn Brent tries hard to save it but it was too tough a job. **RATING:** Poor.

THE THOROUGHbred—*Tiffany*

THIS marks the return of Wesley Barry, famous freckle-faced kid of the silent days. It's one of those racing stories of a young jockey who wins the stable owner's daughter, situation Number Two from the old hokum bucket.

Nancy Dover tries hard to be a heroine. Young Barry is all right. It's very mild entertainment. **RATING:** Fair.

THE BOUDOIR DIPLOMAT—*Universal*

IT is too bad that such a charming play as "The Command to Love" should be turned into a crude farce with bright lines butchered beyond recognition. A young diplomat whose escapades are decidedly risqué, strives to reform and can't. That was the idea, but the picture muddles it all.

Mary Duncan tries hard, but in vain. **RATING:** Poor.

LOVE AND HISSES!!



FIRST PRIZE

Philadelphia, Pa.
I BELIEVE I must be like hundreds of other American girls. I have two eyes, a nose and a mouth—but that's all they are. They don't comprise a face, one of those fatal faces that launch a thousand ships. I've a figure, but beautiful clothes neither help it nor hinder it. Just an average girl, that's all. Now I'm twenty and some day I hope to meet the right boy, and that we fall in love and marry and live happily ever after.

But I can go to the movies! I go and see the divine Garbo, the flashing Joan Crawford, the cunning, dramatic Nancy Carroll, the smart, vivid Norma Shearer. I go every evening and every evening I'm another movie girl, having a marvelous dramatic time against marvelous backgrounds. And because I can be all those girls, I think life's wonderful.

Lillian Arnold

THIS GARBO GIRL

Duluth, Minn.
THE Garbo picture on your first cover was wonderful! I'm glad to see you're starting your magazine right. I think Greta is the greatest actress the screen has ever known and when she walks across the room—oh, boy! I don't think I'll ever marry, because I know I'll never be able to find a girl as wonderful as my idol.

Come on, you Garbo fans, let's get together and give three cheers for Greta!

Joe Watson

A HISS FOR GRETA

Lansing, Mich.
WHY all the rave about Garbo? To me she's just a tall, awkward girl who wouldn't attract a second glance in this town. But just because she won't talk to anybody, people think she's grand!

Personally, I'm for the sweet, simple type of screen heroine, like June Collyer, Fay Wray and Mary Brian. Those are the girls who make going to pictures worth while. They stand for goodness and purity and the world would be better off if it paid less attention to the other kind of women, the vamps like Garbo.

James White

THIS is a real fan department—Love on one side and Hisses on the other. Write what you think about pictures you've seen and players you've heard—and don't pull your punches. Three prizes each month for letters not longer than 200 words. \$15 First Prize; \$10 Second and \$5 Third.

SECOND PRIZE

Chicago, Ill.
AS A teacher of English, in second year high school, I used to have trouble getting my young pupils—most of them about sixteen—to read certain fine books. Then suddenly inspiration struck me. I asked various classes if they went to movies and found out from individual students who their favorite stars were. After that it was easy selling. I would suggest, "If you were a casting director and wanted to find a romantic part for Ronald Colman, would you select Ivanhoe?" Or, "Do you think Garbo would make a good Juliet?" The reading has gone like wildfire ever since and the suggestions my pupils have brought in would have done good to a worried scenario editor's heart.

Anna Snell

HELP FOR HAINES

Toledo, Ohio
LET me say something about my favorite, William Haines. That boy's a swell actor—only he never gets a chance to act. Why isn't he given better pictures instead of different versions of the same old smart-aleck gag? Oh, Mr. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, won't you please hear my plea and give Billy some good pictures?

Betty Clark

LESS EXTRAS

Portland, Ore.
YOUR article on the Hollywood extra girl who worked the most in the year is a splendid move in the right direction. If more magazines would tell the truth about the difficulties of an actor's life, there would be fewer stage-struck girls. And in the same issue was the death notice of one of the girls who had finally made the way toward success—Dorothy Seastrom. More power to Silver Screen and its young, forward ideas.

Catherine Edwards

A RAVE FOR RONNIE

Memphis, Tenn.
THANK heaven and Sam Goldwyn, for Ronald Colman. He's a prince of actors, and a regular guy, too. Since talkies have come, he has improved a hundred percent.

Dolores Dale

THIRD PRIZE

Alberta, Canada
HAVE you ever gone into a moving picture theatre tired and discouraged, with all the worries in the world weighing on your shoulders? And there in the darkness as a tender love story unfolded before your eyes, suddenly you felt rested and your troubles appeared in their true, trivial light? That's what the movies mean to me.

I live way out on a farm and can only drive into town once a week. But that one night on which I see a movie gives me the courage to carry on every other day.

Thank heaven for the magic carpet of pictures.

Mrs. Alton Johnson

HE-MAN COOPER

Boise, Idaho
I WANT to put in a word for the good old Westerns, and especially for Gary Cooper. What is an English Society drama full of Ronald Colmans and Clive Brooks compared to real men in real American drama? That tall young gentleman is a typical example of the romance and daring of the old West, and he's a swell guy. I like to see Fay Wray play opposite him, too.

Donald Westcott

ROUGH ON ROGERS

Wilmington, Del.
WHAT can anyone see in Buddy Rogers? He's nothing but a callow kid who happens to have nice curly hair. He isn't a man, like George Bancroft, my favorite. And I don't think he is a very good musician. He should stick to acting, and Rudy Vallee should stick to his music!

Mary Dunn

NOT OKAY FOR OAKIE

Omaha, Neb.
TELL me, how can anyone like that guy, Jack Oakie, to laugh at? If you'll watch him closely, you'll see that he never plays any part but that of Jack Oakie. He's always the same. I hate him.

Gladys Adams

G R E T A G A R B O

Oh to be a poet, now that GARBO's here! But mere adjectives wither before the Glory That is Greta! The latest offering of the Viking Venus will be called—and quite rightly, too—"Inspiration"



Three star FAIRBANKS, young
DOUG, a star's son, a star's
husband, and a First National
star himself.





Glad to dye for her art, blonde
THELMA TODD turns brunette
for "The Hot Heiress." Be-
coming? Ah, yes.





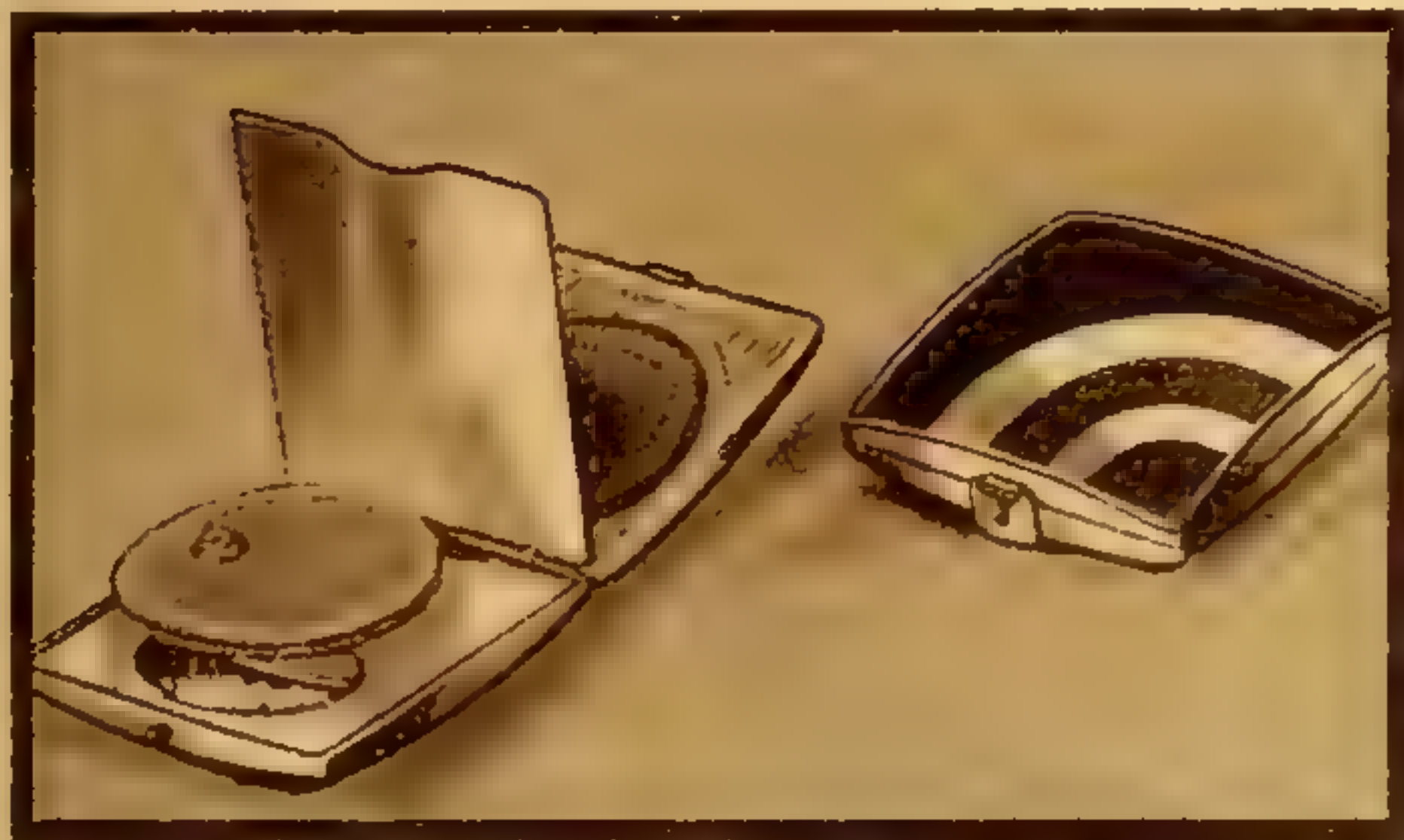
[THE girl who gave audiences a new trill; JEANNETTE MacDONALD, the singing starlet, now knocking them for hurrahs in "Monte Carlo." Maybe it's because fair Jeanette not only has lyric tones but such lovely lyric legs.

Helena Rubinstein sets the fashion in Vanities for 1931...



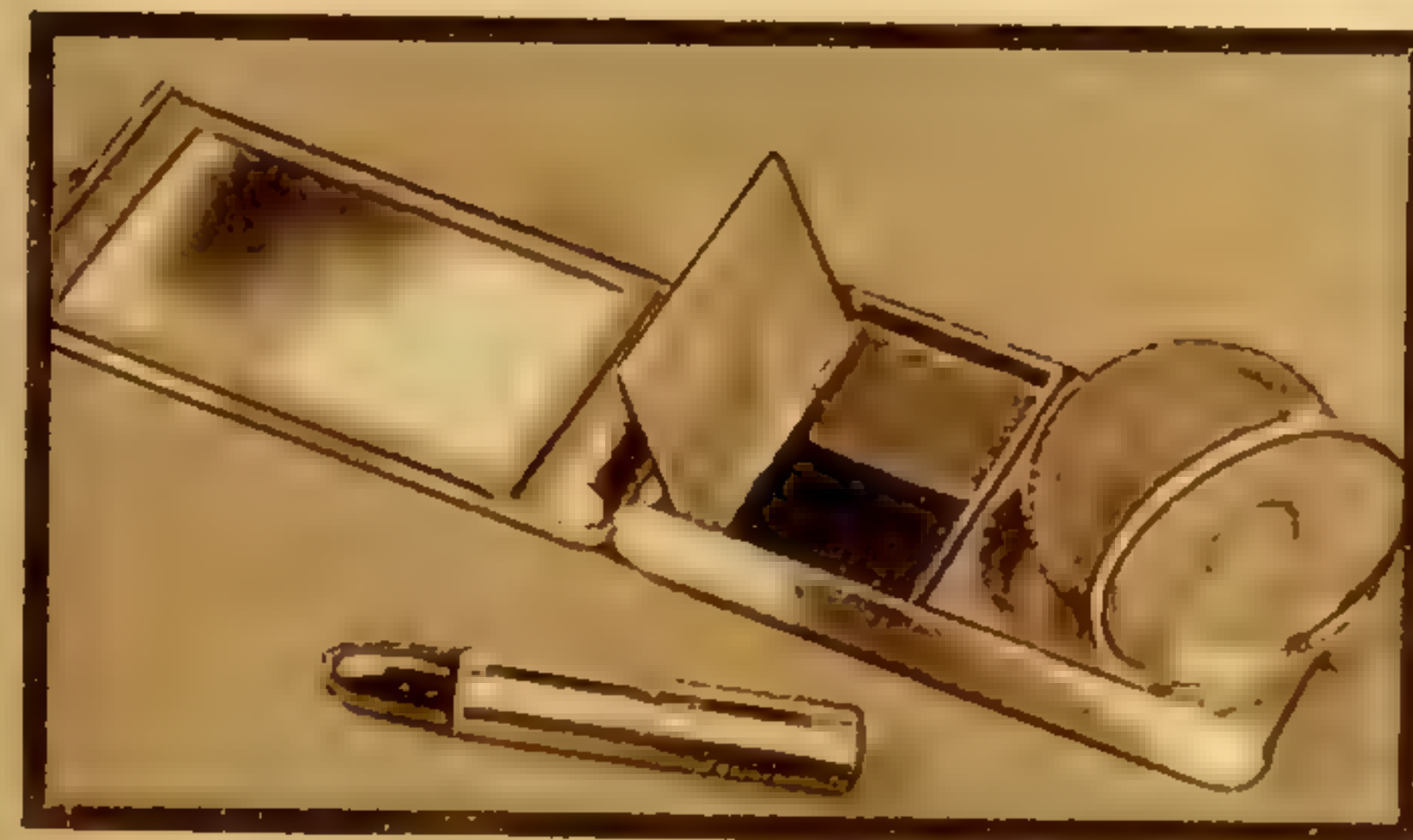
1931 Double Compact

Unusually chic is this square black and gold striped vanity, containing compact rouge and compact powder in the fashionable and inimitable Helena Rubinstein tones and quality. An accessory which adapts itself smartly to all costumes. 2.50



The New Enchanté Vanities

Striking examples of modern design, in black, silver and vermillion, containing loose powder and compact or cream rouge. The leak-proof powder compartment holds a generous quantity of powder in Natural and Rachel. Rouge in Red Geranium or Red Raspberry. 3.00



Magic Make-Up Vanity

Unquestionably the season's smartest and most original vanity. A complete overnight or week-end make-up case easily carried in your purse! Contains loose powder in a patented leak-proof compartment, cream rouge for cheeks and lips, eye shadow, and a cosmetic innovation—mascara in crayon form! All encased in an exquisite, full-mirrored vanity in 24 karat gold striped finish with delicate touches of black and vermillion. 5.00

Here is the newest, smartest Cosmetic Jewelry — created by the world's foremost beauty specialist. All that constitutes the perfect accessory and the ideal gift, are harmonized in these most exquisite masterpieces...

DISTINCTION... UTILITY... BEAUTY.

In these, her newest cosmetic creations, the genius of Helena Rubinstein attains new heights. She has perfected powders, rouges and lipsticks which mirror nature itself—their coloring becomes your very own. And she sends them forth in containers so smart that they are fashion prophecies!

Soon you will see these irresistible vanities flashing out at Palm Beach and on the Riviera... Indeed it is no exaggeration to predict that they will be as chic in 1933 as they are in 1931!

Choose these fascinating bijoux. As accessories they complement each costume. As gifts, they compliment both giver and recipient. Beauty deserves these creations of beauty!



Valaze Nail Groom in Three New Tints

Chic, exotic Red Geranium and Red Raspberry; conservative Shell Pink. Three gleaming, lasting nail enamels. 1.00 each (with a remover 1.75)

Persian Eye Black

—the super-Mascara. It stays on! 1.00, 1.50

Modernistic Powder or Rouge Compact

This tiny square modernistic vanity holds a generous quantity of powder or rouge in the inimitable Helena Rubinstein quality and tones. 1.25



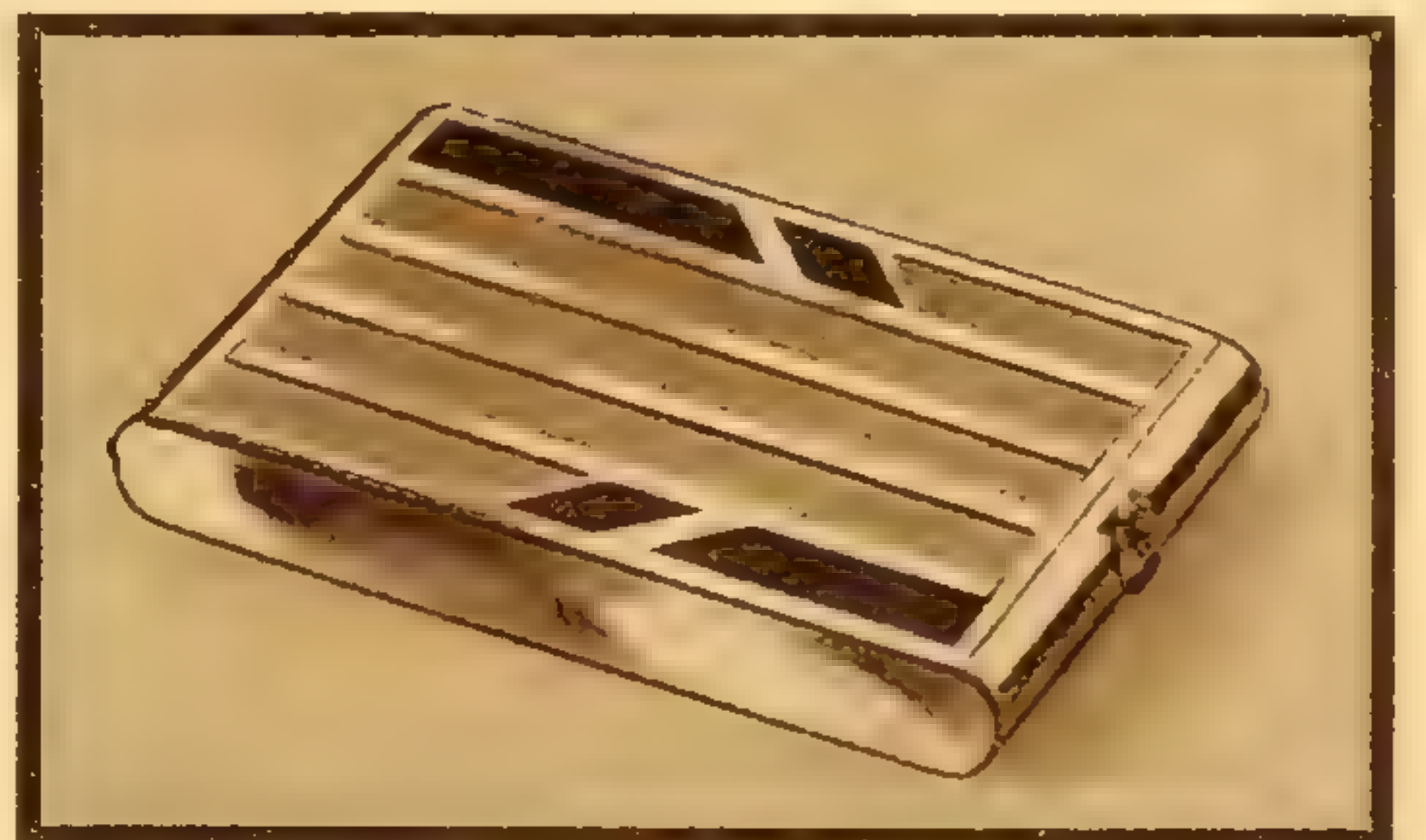
helena rubinstein

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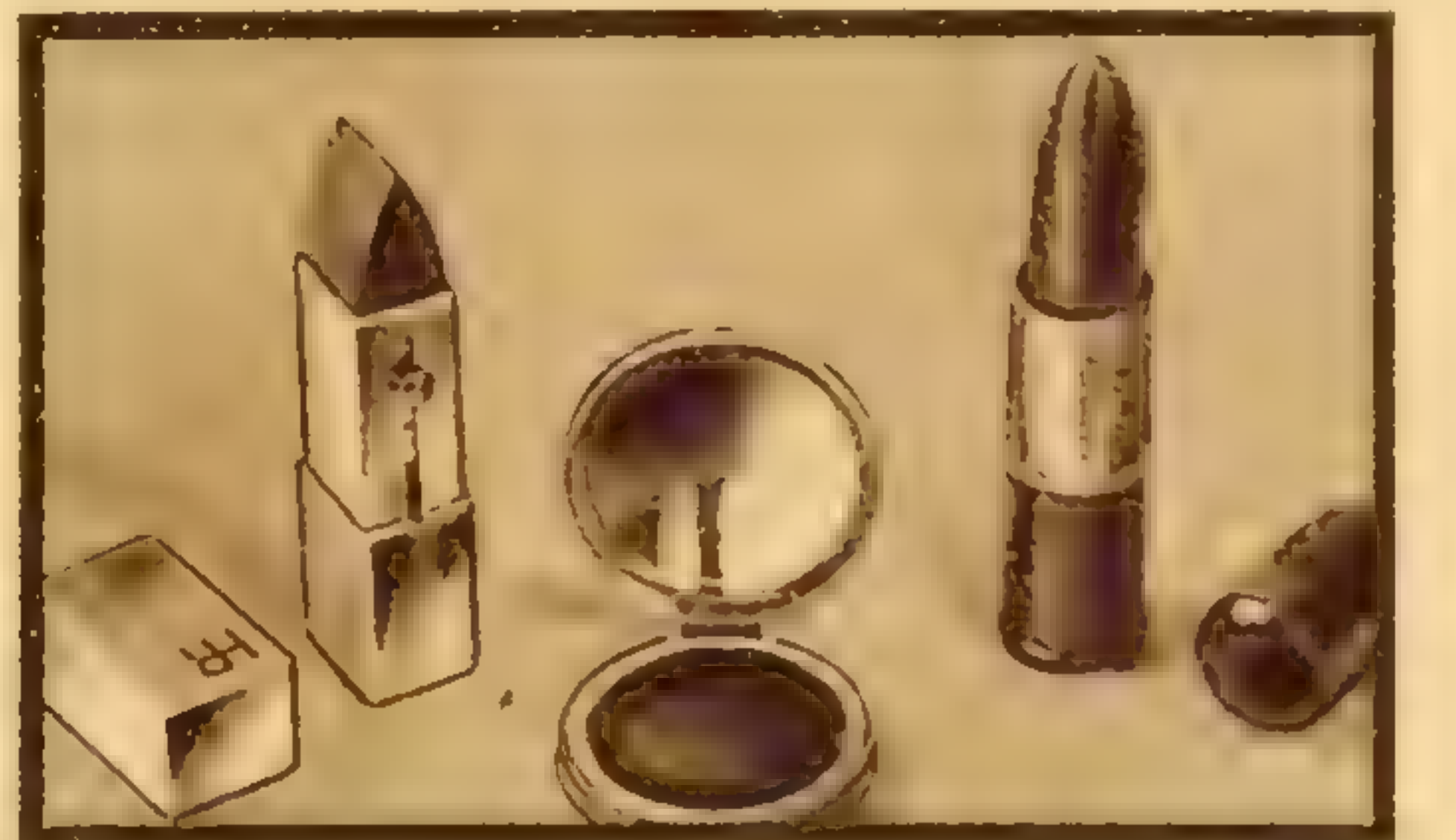
1931 Loose Powder—Lipstick Vanity

Elegance and originality mark this vanity in 24 karat gold finish. Contains loose powder (Natural and Rachel) in a patented leak-proof compartment, and a Red Geranium or Red Raspberry indelible lipstick. The ideal accessory for afternoon or evening. 3.50



1931 Triple Vanity

Compelling charm and astonishing value await you in this modish vanity in 24 karat striped gold finish with touches of vermillion and black. Holds compact powder and rouge. And there's a lipstick hidden in the hinge! An irresistible piece of cosmetic jewelry. 3.50



The New Red-Tangerine Lipstick

Brilliant in tone, soft in texture—the lipstick of youth. Indelible! 1.25, 3.50

The New Red-Tangerine Rouge

This clear, vivid tone enkindles the whole face. Creme only. 1.00 to 5.00

Helena Rubinstein's cosmetic creations are obtainable at the better shops. Qualified assistants will guide you in choosing resultful preparations for your home beauty care

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Warm, friendly, colorful leather . . . making the ideal, sincere gift for Christmas and the New Year. Beautiful color-toned leathers made into smartly designed and tailored handbags and underarms for women, and durable billfolds, cigarette cases and lighters, key cases, humidors, toilet sets, etc., for men . . . with the Meeker-Made trade-mark, prove gifts to inspire pride. You'll find this fine leather merchandise at your Jeweler's, the better Department and Drug Stores, and at the Leather Gift Shop.

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*Fine Leather
Merchandise*





[—]E may be the only genuine star made by the talkies, but JACK OAKIE refuses to rely on beauty alone. He depends on laughs, or sometimes as here, on a real good cry. His next mirthquake for Paramount is "Sea Legs."

A Perfume...

taught me the secret of *Youth*...

says

LILA LEE

"**Y**OUTH—what is it? An age?... a number of years? No—I thought that once... before I knew... about Seventeen. Seventeen—you've seen it? Worn it? Oh, you must! A glorious fragrance, like nothing else... except perhaps... those rose-colored dreams, those gossamer fancies... one has at Seventeen! It took Seventeen to teach me that Youth's a mood... to be recaptured... triumphantly worn... forever, if I like!"

Eight Toiletries bear
the fragrance of
Seventeen

The Perfume... in a French-cut flacon, so smart... A Compact (single or double) which may be changed into a loose-powder compact. A Face Powder in subtle youthful shades. A Dusting Powder... that makes your bath luxurious. A Talcum. A Toilet Water... so refreshing. Two Brillantines... solid or liquid. A Sachet... the correct way to scent one's clothing and lingerie.

Pictured at the left are Seventeen Perfume, Seventeen Sachet, and Seventeen Face Powder.

Seventeen

BARRYMORE BARBECUE



No, we don't mean roasting a ham—just a preview of the romantic, laughing comedy based on the Barrymore legend of "The Royal Family." Ina Claire, Mary Brian, Frederic March and Henrietta Crosman play the four. (That's all there are, there aren't any more.)

When the prodigal son returns to the Royal Family a big scene is had by all.

Julie (below) tries to persuade herself that a good match won't kill the divine spark.



The actress-mother (Ina Claire) pleads with her daughter (Mary Brian) to choose the royal road to romance instead of the rough road to fame.



Julie tries to act for the best—which her manager says is Broadway, and in her heart, Julie thinks it the best for Broadway, too.

YOU CAN MANUFACTURE PERSONALITY

[Continued from page 11]

seemed about to live up to the expectations held for him.

But talking pictures were beginning to come in and Goldwyn loaned Byron to von Stroheim for the lead opposite Gloria Swanson in "Queen Kelly".

Byron, still a stranger and a newcomer, with only "The Awakening" to his credit, spent months on that masterpiece. He drew his salary every week but a year later the picture was scrapped. Byron was still a silent screen actor as far as casting directors were concerned.

Which shows that keeping in the spot-light counts. Don't let things place you in the wrong position. Keep your head, and keep the center of the stage. Thus lesson six.

One of the newest of Goldwyn's discoveries is Evelyn Laye, blonde and beautiful.

Goldwyn first saw her five years ago in "Madam Pompadour" in London. He discussed a contract with her. Nothing came of it, but with the advent of singing pictures, she was the first person of whom Sam thought. Following "Bulldog Drummond", Goldwyn visited London and saw her again, this time in "New Moon". They signed a contract for her first American picture.

With Miss Laye, Goldwyn was dealing with another problem. She was a trained artist and he was sure of her ability. But the problem was to put her over with American movie audiences.

So, he suggested that she do a stage show here first.

In "Bitter Sweet", Evelyn knocked Broadway for the well-known loop, and then was ready for her picture debut.

She has just completed "Escapade" and those who have seen parts of it say it is a wow.

Proving that even if you've got something, you have to put it over. Which is rule seven.

Finally, there's Eleanor Hunt, who made her movie debut in "Whoopee".

Hundreds of girls were being interviewed in both New York and Hollywood for the part. There was a constant procession of nondescript young ladies into the Goldwyn New York office—which proved disrupting to the work of the entire company. In particular, the arrival of several of the young ladies interrupted a convivial conference and conversation tea going on in the office of the casting director. He disengaged himself, came out to look at the applicants and without even a second glance, dismissed them all.

Two days later one of the young ladies, Eleanor Hunt, was engaged for the part. She was one of those who had been dismissed without even a second mention.

But Goldwyn himself selected her, sight unseen, on recommendation of Eddie Cantor and John Harkrider, two personal friends.



A girl with a winning weigh and two good reasons for it! Bernice Graves was selected as the perfect chorus girl, by Pearl Eaton, R K O dance director.

Thus, rule eight is: Make friends and keep them—they help in any career, even one of charm.

Finally, all of Goldwyn's stars, excepting Banky, have been very close friends of Mrs. Goldwyn (Frances

Howard). Evelyn Laye, Lily Damita, Colman—all of them have been the warmest kind of intimates.

So, one unfailing rule is: Keep in right with the boss' wife!

The Most Permanent Star in Hollywood

He's been before the public for thirteen years. He's had productions good, bad and fairish. Talkies came—and left him triumphant. Who? Richard Barthelmess. Read the secret of Dick's success in next month's SILVER SCREEN. It's one you can use for your own career.



ANDRE DURENCEAU

JACK HOLDEN

F. J. VAN HALLE

MAX FACTOR

LOUISE WAGNER

MAKE-UP *in* Color Harmony



LILA LEE, First National star, and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, using eyeshadow to emphasize the depth and lustre of her eyes.

THE MAGIC BEAUTIFIER... Created to Living Screen Star Types by Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-up Genius... NOW RELEASED TO YOU

No other cosmetics in the world created in this amazing way... and no other make-up will bring you such amazing beauty. Mail coupon for priceless beauty gift.

WHAT color face powder? What color rouge? What color lipstick? And what color eye-shadow... and how will they look together in the make-up ensemble? Will they clash in color or will they harmonize? Will they blend with my complexion colorings or will they not? Will they be of such exquisite fineness and softness as to become a very part of skin tone and texture? Will they detract from my natural beauty or will they add the glamour and allure of a new charm? Why trust such questions so important to beauty to chance or guess?... when make-up can really be a magic beautifier.

Within your reach... just for the asking... you may have the personal advice of Max Factor, Hollywood's Genius of Make-Up, creator of cosmetics for the screen stars and studios.

Just as though you were a screen star... Max Factor will chart your color harmony in make-up... create for you an ensemble in powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow and the daily requisites of Society Make-Up which will bring out the hidden fascination of your natural beauty

LILA LEE, says: "Whether for screen or street wear, I always find greater satisfaction in Max Factor's Make-Up."

BERNICE CLAIRE, writes: "Make-Up today is an art, and your Society Make-Up in color harmony proves that you are a master of the art."

... and emphasize the alluring magnetism of your personality.

Each cosmetic produced by Max Factor... each glorious color tone... is like the masterpiece of an artist. Created to some living screen star type of unrivaled beauty, you can well imagine the magic power it holds. And the complete make-up ensemble is perfect in color harmony balance... for Max Factor's discovery of cosmetic color harmony revolutionized make-up in Hollywood.

So whatever your complexion colorings, whatever your variation of type in blonde, brunette, redhead or brownette... discover the one way to double your beauty, discover Hollywood's make-up secret.

And remember that no other make-up will bring you such amazing beauty... for only Max Factor's is used exclusively in all the big motion picture studios, by Technicolor, and by Hollywood's stars. Mail the coupon immediately.

MAX FACTOR'S *Society* MAKE-UP

"Cosmetics of the Stars"... HOLLYWOOD

96% of all make-up including Technicolor used by Hollywood Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's.
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Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 17-12-32
Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up", personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name _____	COMPLEXION	COLOR EYES	LIPS
Address _____	Light		Moist
City _____	Fair	COLOR LASHES	Dry
State _____	Medium		SKIN
	Ruddy	COLOR HAIR	Only
	Dark		Dry
	Sallow	AGE	Normal
	Olive		Answer with Check Mark

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this ugly mask

simply fade out these homely, rusty-brown spots with Othine double strength, sold at drug and department stores under guarantee of money back if Othine does not remove every last freckle and give you a lovely, milk white complexion.

OTHINE

DOUBLE STRENGTH

CAKE AND CARTRIDGES

[Continued from page 54]

Nevada knew there was something amiss as soon as she saw Jimmy that morning. In fact, she had a fairly good idea of what was coming—she'd been waiting for it. She had made up her mind that if Jimmy started something that day, she would shoot off the fireworks herself. For she had heard about that little black-headed Mexican girl who had been making such a play for him for the past month, and she also knew that Jimmy had been receptive.

Such liberties didn't enter into Nevada's scheme of love, but she had decided to wait a reasonable length of time for Jimmy to bring the subject up. She was prepared for him, and how!

Well, after they had finished their breakfast, a strangely silent meal, fraught with suspense and tenseness, Jimmy innocently suggested: "Let's drive up past Malibu this afternoon, and then come home by way of Darnton Cafe. We can stop there for dinner and drive home by moonlight." His Irish good humor demanded that he put a dashing touch to what he intended to be the end of a delightful romance.

Nevada considered for a moment. Then, "All right," she said, and went to get her coat.

When she came back, she had on her heaviest coat, and clutched a bag tightly in her hands.

Without another word, they went out to the car, a long low racing model which Nevada had bought and which Jimmy used.

Regardless of the frame of mind, the drive through Beverly Boulevard to the beach, and up along the strand to Malibu is calculated to create romance in any one. Even Jimmy must have had a twinge of regret as he contemplated ending this pleasant alliance. But he remained firm in his resolve.

After the pleasantly indolent drive, they reached Darnton Cafe perched high on a hilltop, with all the world and sea and sky spread out to view.

They had a leisurely meal and then Jimmy got down to business.

"Nevada, I hate to tell you this," he began. "You're a beautiful girl and I'm mad about you. You're going to be a big star some day while I shall never amount to anything. So, I think we should break off our beautiful friendship. I'm vain enough to believe if I asked you to marry me that you'd do it, but, darling, I'm not the marrying kind. I don't want to get married to you or anybody else. I had a dose of that once and it cramped my technique."

He waited a minute, watching Nevada, but she went calmly on eating salad, saying nothing.

"I know this isn't a nice thing to tell a beautiful girl when you've been the first and only man in her life," Jimmy continued after a bit. "You've been a marvelous girl, but that's the way I feel about marriage and I can't help it."

He looked at Nevada again but she still said nothing.

"I'm not the marrying kind," he repeated lamely.

Nevada finished her salad. She care-

fully laid down her fork, very correctly, on the side of her plate. She touched the napkin to her lovely lips and then sat back smiling.

"So, you think you want to leave," Nevada said finally.

"Yes," said Jimmy.

"And you think you're going to?" asked Nevada.

"Yes," said Jimmy.

"You're not," said Nevada.

Jimmy bridled a little. She'd been taking it nicely till then, much more quietly than he had dreamed, and he was willing to be nice, too. But he hated being dictated to by women. That wasn't his role.

"How are you going to stop me?" demanded Jimmy.

Nevada moved swiftly. In an instant she opened the bag she had been carrying, and then something flashed in her hand. There was a spurt of flame and Jimmy's startled cry as he toppled to the floor with a bullet through his shoulder.

It threw the place in a panic but Nevada stayed calm. Waiters rushed up, diners rushed up, and Dick Hardwick, who did the publicity at Nevada's studio, rushed up. He was the only person who could get at her.

"My God, Nevada," said Dick. "The papers . . . what'll I say? What'll I do . . . ?"

"Get a doctor and a minister," said Nevada. "It's only a flesh wound and he'll snap out of it all right. That faint he's in now is from sheer fright. The minister is what we fix the papers with."

Then she knelt down by Jimmy's side took his head in her lap, carefully splashed some water in his face and turned to the rest of the room.

"Go on back to your dinner," dictated Nevada calmly. "It was just a lover's quarrel and there'll be no more fireworks."

Well, they were all Hollywood people in the room and used to anything, so they left swiftly if apprehensively and in a couple of minutes Dick returned, with the doctor and the minister as directed.

While the doctor staunching Jimmy's wound Jimmy returned to consciousness to see Nevada and the gentleman of the cloth standing over him.

"Who's that?" asked Jimmy weakly.

"That's the minister come to marry us," said Nevada.

"But my divorce," murmured Jimmy.

"I looked that up," said Nevada. "It's all right. It was final."

"But I don't want to get married," persisted Jimmy.

"I don't want to get rough, either," said Nevada, "but . . ." Her hand moved in the direction of her handbag.

"Wait," said Jimmy. "You win." He looked up suddenly and grinned at her and all the humor and tenderness that made women fall for him suddenly came into his face. "Nevada, you win. I'm just beginning to realize what a swell girl you are. Start your parson reading his lines. I'll marry you and maybe my life will be monogamous but it won't be monotonous. You're really swell, darling."

"Sure I am," said Nevada, "and I'm a damned good shot, too."

HOLLYWOOD'S SUPREMACY

[Continued from page 35]

before last year's crash. He's here, now, directing a German version of "The Letter." It has already been made as a French talkie, an actress from the Comedie Francaise enacting the late Jeanne Eagels' role.

I was introduced to the German actress portraying this role. She knew no English; I, no German. The interview was a sustained giggle. You've got to be a linguistic expert to get along on a Joinville set. Buchowetski juggles three languages to get results. He speaks English to his American technical staff, French to the electricians and props, German to the players.

"How do your ears stand the confusion?" he chuckled.

"They're buzzing with static," I admitted.

After which we strolled from the set, down a graveled walk, and to the cafe. Three Turkish actresses sat at the table in front of us. To my right sat two Spanish actors. Across the way, a group of Hungarians and French.

The food was darn good, far superior to the studio cafes I dared in Hollywood from time to time. The chief difference, though, was the liquor. Name your own and order. Anything from beer to champagne. I compromised with red wine. Anyway, that's my story.

I asked Buchowetski about picture production at Joinville. He was enthusiastic. He went to Germany to select his cast. In other cases, players can be selected through agents located in the capitals of Europe. His production schedule is three weeks. He has everything he wants. Beautiful cooperation.

Film salaries, here, compare favorably with those of Hollywood leading men and women, but you don't hear of any approaching the weekly stipend of Richard Barthelmess or Joan Crawford or Harold Lloyd. The extras receive a hundred francs (\$4) a day. If they wear evening clothes, they receive double this. It stands to reason, though, that with these Joinville pictures costing several hundred thousand dollars and released in only ONE country and its colonies, salaries must be held to a minimum.

During the autumn and winter, they are higher, for the majority of the actors appear on the stage. If they desert a play they must be remunerated accordingly. Salaries drop during the spring and summer, there being little competition with the stage.

[Continued on next page]

A COOK'S TOUR OF HOLLYWOOD

What do they eat and where and how? Next month SILVER SCREEN will not only tell you your star's favorite dish, but will give you the recipe for it. Watch for this!

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IT'S NEW. It's smart. It's altogether *different*. You'll adore its striking color combination—brilliant enamel set off by a broad black band. You'll be fascinated by the clever way it opens.

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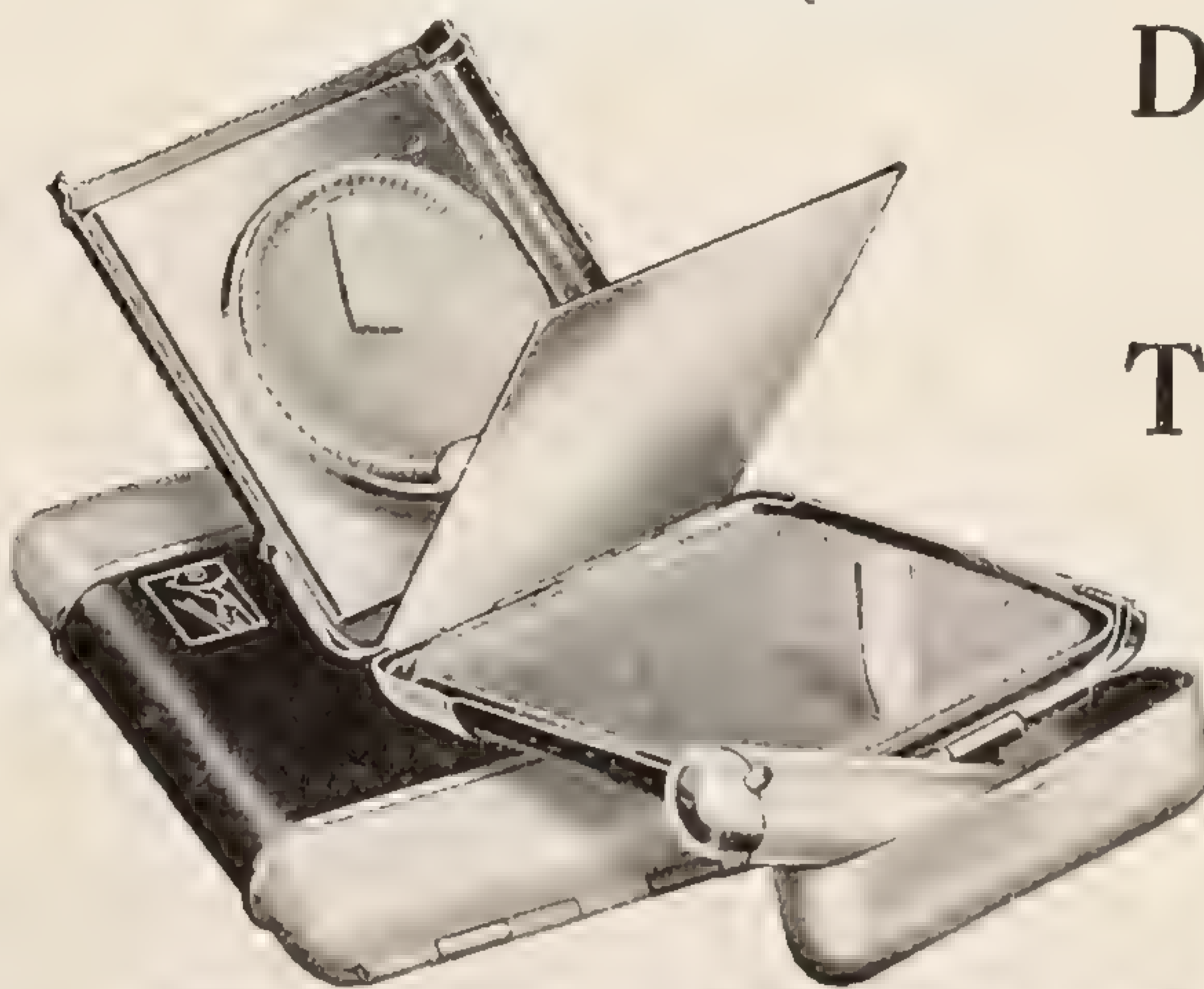
the final touch to many a *chic* ensemble.

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powder and lipstick)

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I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. No “ifs,” “ands,” or “maybes.” It is new growth, startling results, or no pay. And you are the sole judge.

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Over ten thousand women have tried my amazing discovery, proved that eyes can now be fringed with long, curling natural lashes, and the eyebrows made intense, strong silken lines! Read what a few of them say. I have made oath before a notary public that these letters are voluntary and genuine. From Mlle. Hefflefinger, 240 W. “B” St., Carlisle, Pa.: “I certainly am delighted . . . I notice the greatest difference . . . people I come in contact with remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear.” From Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminister Ave., W. Phila., Pa.: “I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now.” From Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2, Box 179, Jeanette, Penn.: “Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous.” From Pearl Provo, 2954 Taylor St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.: “I have been using your eyebrow and eyelash Method. It is surely wonderful.” From Miss Flora J. Corriveau, 8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.: “I am more than pleased with your Method. My eyelashes are growing long and luxurious.”

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Remember . . . in 30 days I *guarantee* results that will not only delight, but amaze. If you are not absolutely and entirely satisfied, your money will be returned promptly. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings. Introductory price \$1.95. Later the price will be regularly \$5.00.

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I was amazed to discover that the fashion department here cannot compare with those in Hollywood. Clothes in American pictures are a distinct feature. Here, however, in the heart of a city hailed as the Mecca of fashion, Paramount's studio has a very modest style department. The players dress nicely, but they lack the smartness and ultra-ness of our players. Curious, isn't it?

The interest of Paris writers in the Joinville venture is so slight that it almost isn't. The fact that employment is given to more than 300 French men and women means nothing. There is no unemployment in France.

The Paris Herald, however, evinces genial interest in film people—if they hail from Hollywood. Dorothy Mackaill received a story and a picture page. Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland avoided interviews. Norma was here to rest. She spent most of her time with Ruby deRemer at Ruby's chateau in Antibes. Later, she toured Spain in her Rolls Royce roadster shipped from Hollywood. Lily Damita's return to her home town was rewarded in print. Marion Davies crossed from a sojourn at her castle in England en route to Vichy where she took the cure. Irene

Bordoni got a paragraphical hand upon her arrival and departure.

Hollywood still has its glamour, despite the talkie menace to its world wide prominence. Joinville has its studio. Yet there are a few personalities at Joinville reminiscent of Hollywood. The vivacious and darkly beautiful Marcelle Chantel, for instance, has appeared in several French Paramount outlouds. She is married to a wealthy Englishman. Greta Garbo's brother was brought from Stockholm to play a second lead in a Swedish talkie. Those who remember him say he reminded them of his famous sister. He has the same, wise, sleepy eyes, the same facial contour, and is slim and tall.

One sees many handsome Latins strolling around the lot. The feminine faction, for the most part, is a bit too buxom for American films. But the men flash the sex appeal reminiscent of a Rudolph Valentino, a young Antonio Moreno, even a Maurice Chevalier. Most of them, I was intrigued to learn, aspire to get to Hollywood. The Golden Capital, where romance, fame, and fortune go hand in hand (when they go!) is the realization of their dreams. But the talkies have put it beyond their reach—perhaps, forever.

LEADING LADY—AGED NINETEEN

[Continued from page 36]

Guild School—when she was fourteen and she and her mother had determined that she would have the finest training available.

“This was *not*,” she proclaimed decisively, “a dramatic school in the usual sense. I always resent it a bit when people think it's one of those places where amateurs are ‘taught how to act.’ It is for professionals only, people who have been on the stage a year or so and whom the Guild board consider worth polishing up.”

Marguerite, it developed, was especially worth the Guild's effort. The first year she won the Winthrop Ames scholarship of a thousand dollars tuition. The next year she walked off with the Otto Kahn scholarship of two thousand.

Thus, at sixteen, honor pupil of the aristocratic Guild, Marguerite's apprenticeship was concluded with flying colors and Broadway saluted its youngest leading-lady.

“House of Shadows,” “The Small Timer,” “The Alimoniacs,” “Skidding,” “Night Hostess” and “The Wild Man of Borneo,” came before Winfield Sheehan's attention was called to Miss Churchill. A few weeks later, Marguerite, her mother and her grandmother were settled in Holly

wood—and Marguerite's future settled by means of a long-term contract with Fox.

Yet after this meteoric career, the most remarkable thing about her is that she is still unaffected as a person.

“I haven't been brought up by my mother for nothing,” she cast an affectionate smile at the pretty head-of-the-table. “I was taught that it's vulgar and stupid to lose your self-control—so I've never felt inclined toward orgies of temperament. I was taught the value of simplicity and balance and dignity—so I've never let my profession become an excuse for losing any of them. It may be more exciting to develop a lot of eccentricities and tempers, but it would only bore me—so I don't.”

“No eccentricities, Marguerite?” her mother interposed. “I'm afraid you're concealing something!”

Marguerite laughed sheepishly.

“I throw knives in the back-yard. That's what mother means,” she admitted and then explained hastily.

“When we were up in Wyoming, making ‘The Big Trail,’ they had an Indian to teach the boys in the picture how to throw knives—at targets, you know. And when I got back I was—well, I was homesick for the great outdoors, so I put up a target

WHO'S YOUR FAVORITE STAR?

Each month SILVER SCREEN will publish a “request interview.” So name your favorites, tell us what you'd like to know about them and a story on the star who gets the most votes will appear in the next issue. Address your vote to Sally Forth, SILVER SCREEN, 45 West 45th St., N. Y. C.

in the back-yard and every day I go athletic and throw knives at it."

"What do you mean—homesick for the great outdoors? You, a New York girl!"

"I know," she cried eagerly, "that's just how I thought I should feel. And at first it did overwhelm me. The mountains were so high, the plains were so vast, everything was so solitary. But after a couple of weeks, it was like paradise. The enormity of everything didn't make me uncomfortable any more—it just made me feel I could really *breathe*. We were there five months, and I hated to leave."

Mrs. Churchill smiled indulgently and murmured something about Zane Grey having a lot to account for. Her daughter laughed.

"Mother thinks I'm quite mad. We're a city family—and she can't conceive of any of us going country. Some day I'm going to take her up there. Then she'll see."

Partly accountable for this enthusiasm is the glamour of "The Big Trail" itself. A picturization of the early pioneer treks into the new lands of the west, it is done on a vaster scale than any of its predecessors. It is less concerned, Marguerite says with individual plot—the little story that always appears so insignificant in a treatment of a mammoth idea such as this—than with the more abstract epic of a courageous people and their battle with a new, untamed world.

"I'm sure it's going to be great. We were all so keen on it and Mr. Walsh knew so well just what he wanted and how to get it. It was a terrific task, I can't begin to tell you how tremendous, but you can get some idea from the fact that the location alone took five months—and Mr. Walsh is a fast worker, too."

"It's my favorite picture. I adored doing the plucky, pioneer woman. Mother thinks I looked too plain—but how could anyone *believe* a pretty, tidy plainswoman? I didn't wear a bit of make-up and I made no attempt to adorn this woman who was crossing angry, unknown country in an ox-cart. You can't compromise on a thing like that—either you make her a cute, musical-comedy pioneer or you make her real. And I tried awfully hard to do the latter. I do hope it works," she finished earnestly.

This picture was the occasion of her first "gala premiere," since "The Big Trail" opened at Grauman's well-known Chinese Theatre. Was she thrilled?

"Oh, it was fun, of course," she admitted quietly, "but after you boil it down, what does a big picture opening amount to? You wear your best dress and a very grand corsage, and they announce your arrival over the radio and you sweep in. And then what? Then you just sit. There's certainly nothing for you to do; all that finished with the last retakes. It's all done—so where's the big kick?"

And this is no boredom—simply the natural reaction of a player bred on opening nights in the theatre.

"Now there," Marguerite's eyes glowed in reminiscence, "is a real thrill! The telegrams arriving every minute, your dressing-room so full of flowers you can't find your grease paint, people cluttering

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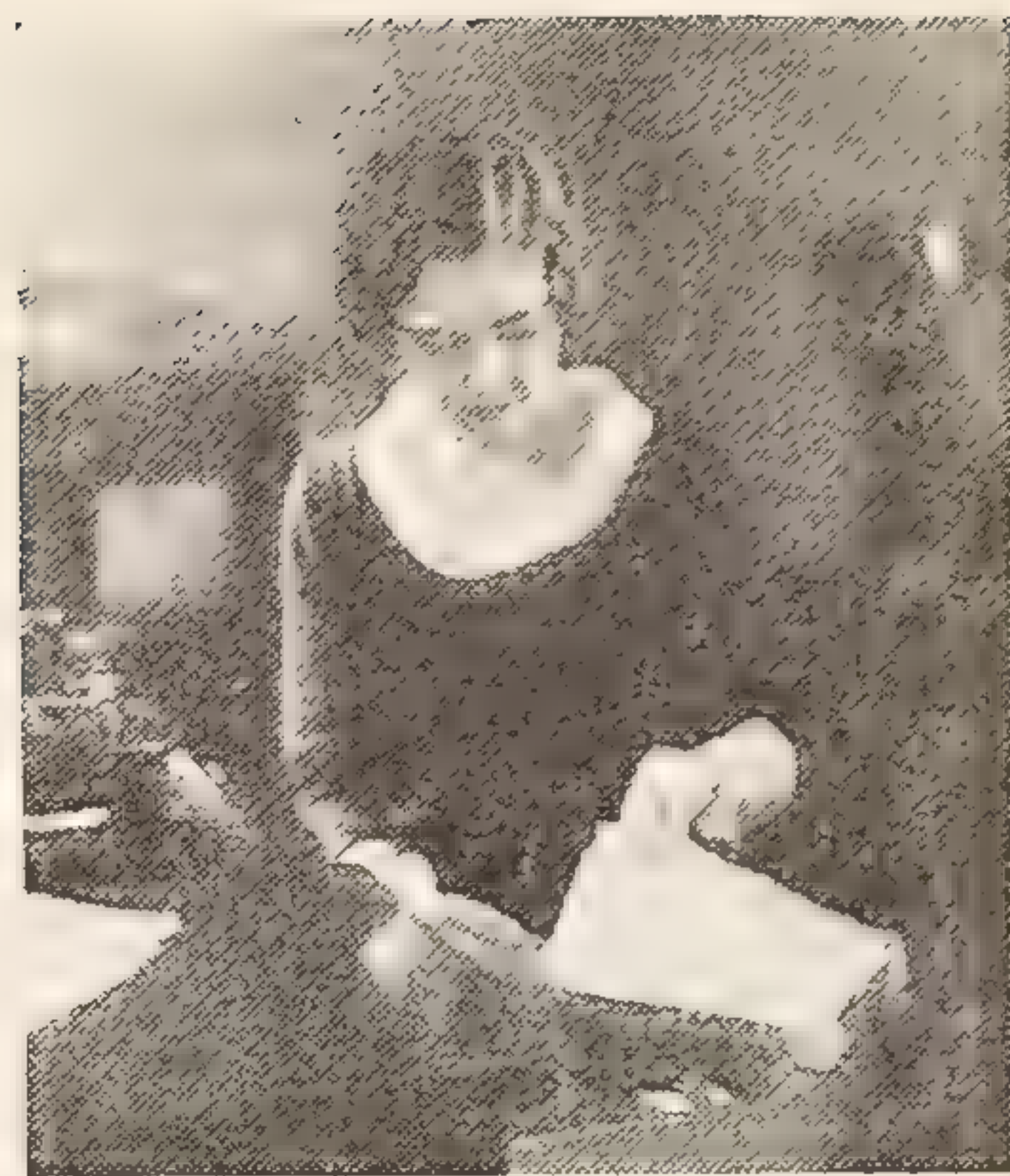
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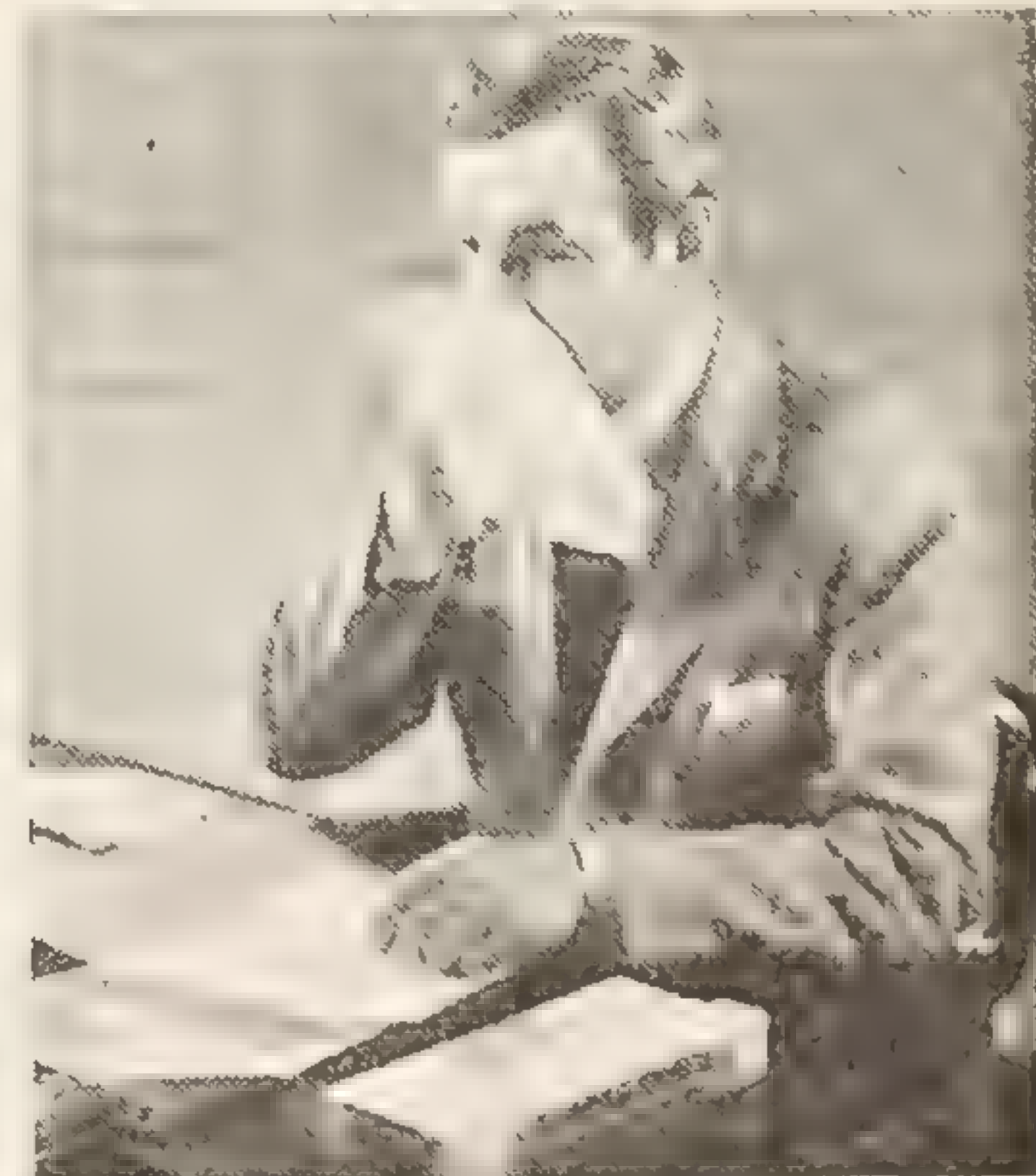
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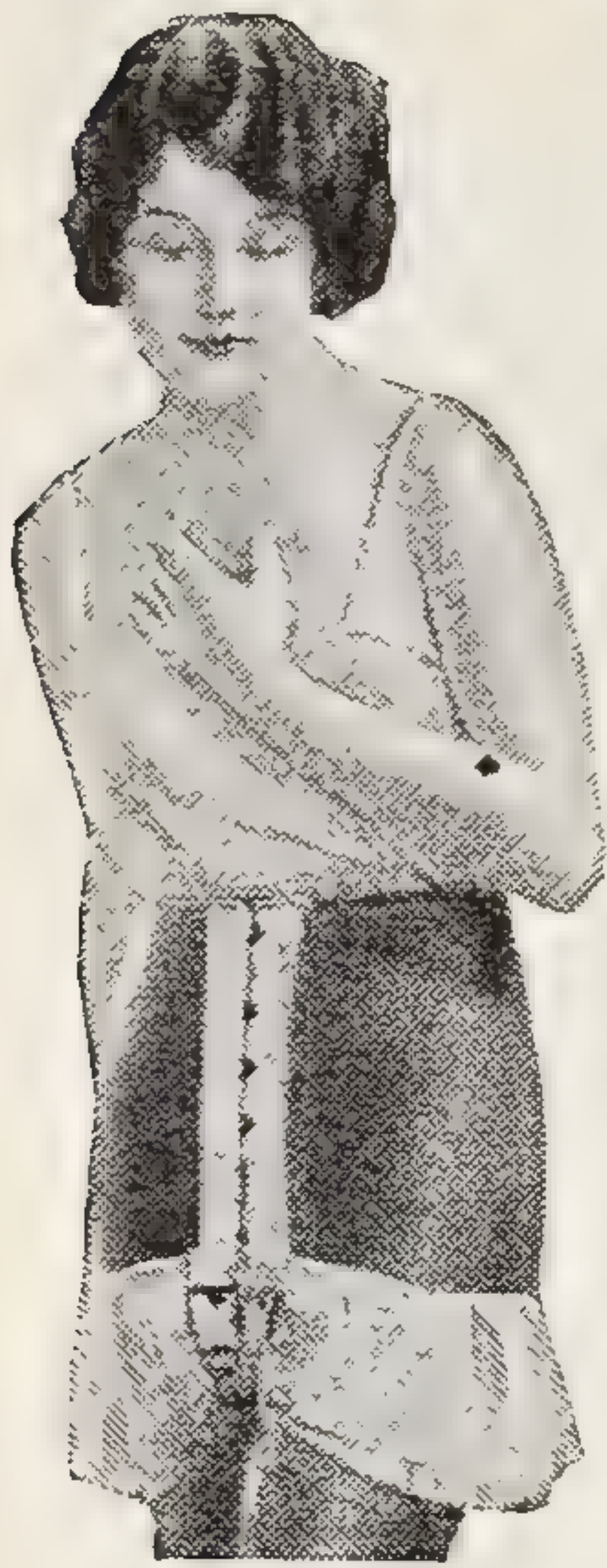
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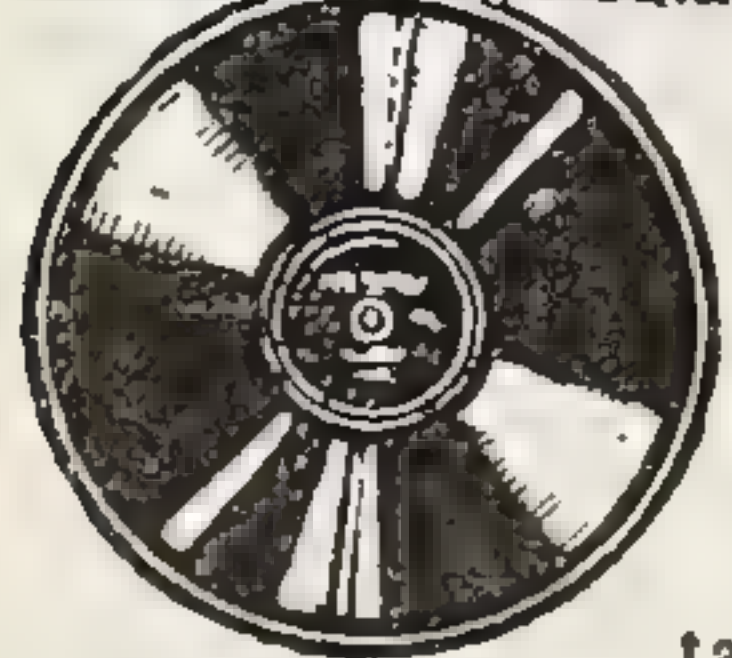
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the halls, everyone shaking with that last-minute panic. And you are acutely conscious that beyond the curtain is a crowded house waiting for you to do something. You're on your mettle—keyed up as never before nor afterwards. Ah, *that's* a thrill!"

"Then," I said, "for actual satisfaction you prefer the stage?"

"No, not particularly," Marguerite disregarded the accepted attitude. "The openings are more gratifying, but they form a very small element in the ordinary routine. As for the work itself, I've never been able to discover this great difference between the two mediums. A part is a part, a performance a performance, wherever you're working. The screen is no more difficult than the stage. I think that's just a theory people have built up to make acting for the camera mysterious and amazing."

Marguerite, certainly, has no desire to amaze anyone. In her work, yes, but not in the mechanics of it. Her modesty, which extends to interviews and a sincere discomfort at monopolizing the conversation, is a sane and intelligent sense of

values. Giddiness is not to be found in this very young girl.

She dresses in unobtrusive good taste. She is an expert horsewoman and rides nearly every day. She was born on Christmas Day, a catastrophe depriving her of an extra celebration—for which she still holds her mother to account. She lived for some time, as a child, in Buenos Aires and remembers it as an enchanted city which will be her first destination when she travels. She has two canary birds and a bowl of goldfish. She reads biographies and plays, but has no time for fiction. An accomplished pianist, she adores good music—as opposed to jazz—and attends the Bowl concerts during the summer and the opera and Philharmonic during the winter. She has a little Chrysler sedan, chauffeurless, in which she and her mother and her grandmother go for long drives. She thinks California is beautiful, but the canyons of New York are still more exciting to her.

If you have a weakness for thoroughly nice girls (and Russell Gleason has one for this particular nice girl), watch for Marguerite Churchill's pictures and get a thoroughly good performance thrown in.

THE SINGING JEWEL

[Continued from page 37]

a shell of superficial sophistication. Which, I think, he has donned because he has been hurt. Somewhere along the trail to success, he has been made to suffer. Youth is easily wounded and Stanley is very young. So, he now protects his inner feelings with a not unpleasant savoir faire—which, however, fails to deceive anyone.

"Our High School Dramatic Club staged several operettas like 'The Chimes of Normandy' and 'Pirate of Pence,' in which I managed to sing the leading rôles," he went on. "Then, we got ambitious."

"We gave the first performance of any kind ever held in the Hollywood Bowl! It was Shakespeare's 'Twelfth Night' and in it I played the Jester. As there is no music in that play we dug up some old English folk-tunes for me to sing."

"At that time there were no seats in the Bowl and everyone had to bring his own camp-stool. You can imagine how proud we were to sell seven thousand tickets—at twenty-five cents apiece!"

After he graduated from high school Stanley went into business—not because he abandoned his ambition to become an actor, but because he was faced with the necessity of earning a living. And he couldn't do that in pictures then!

"I tried to get work as an extra," he explained, "but with very little luck. Though Elliott Dexter had allowed me to work in several of his pictures when I was taking care of his fan mail, I hadn't had much experience."

"I went from casting office to casting office. And that does something to one—it is the most depressing thing in the world. You meet so many old people looking for work! Why, you almost wish they could have the very job you are trying to land,

even though you know you need it badly yourself!"

So, Stanley went into business. He got a job as assistant to the designer of custom-made bodies for the Los Angeles Cadillac Agency and was well on his way toward becoming a capitalist when he crashed back into the work he loved.

The graduating class of Hollywood High School was putting on its Commencement performance—"Robin Hood"—and *Robin Hood* himself got sick. So, for the first time in the history of the school, an "old grad" was called back to take part in a show!

They sent for Stanley Smith, who had always been the school's favorite actor, anyway. And he covered himself with glory and applause.

So much glory, in fact, that Lenore Ulric who was in the audience, suggested to David Belasco that he offer such a personable, *nice* young man, the juvenile lead in "Kiki," in which she was just planning an appearance.

"Of course, my mother was very much upset at the idea of my giving up what looked like a promising business future for the uncertainties of an actor's life. She did all she could to dissuade me and it is only lately that she has come to feel that it was a wise move."

"After I finished in 'Kiki' I went into stock in Omaha and Houston, finally coming back to Los Angeles to play in 'The Royal Family,' with Fredric March."

Just about the time that Stanley came back to Hollywood, motion picture producers became "voice-conscious."

Life and worries being what they are, the boy who several years before had petitioned casting directors for extra work, suddenly found himself receiving attractive offers

[Continued on page 61]

MARLENE, THE EXOTIC

[Continued from page 14]

arrived all the coffee had been consumed. To get more involved a drive of several miles. She was cold and she asked if someone wouldn't bring her the coffee. No one did, and she never complained nor mentioned it again. Most actresses would have howled to heaven and had their way if it required a walk over hot bricks. The next day she bought a thermos bottle for ten dollars and brought her own coffee.

Her generosity is almost a fault. One has only to mention a perfume she uses to receive a bottle. As a matter of fact the faint scent which one detects about her is not a perfume, it is a hair-dressing lotion. One of the women in the studio admired a photograph frame in her home. Two or three days later Marlene said to her—

"I have been to twenty shops and I cannot find another frame like the one you admired. Perhaps some day I will find another."

The woman was aghast, having promptly forgotten all about the frame, or the fact she had even admired it.

Marlene is beautiful, yes. There is a glamour about her. She has that indefinable, tantalizing quality which makes Garbo so fascinating. Her hair is reddish-gold, and she has blue eyes. Her skin is magnificently flawless. The only makeup she wears off the screen is rice powder, and occasionally a slight touch of lip rouge. She can scarcely get accustomed to the fact that American women wear such heavy makeup. In Germany it would be considered bad taste. She is tall, five feet, five inches, and judging by American standards, she is perhaps a trifle overweight. But she is truly feminine. Best of all she has perfect physical health. There isn't a nerve in her body. Like most Germans she is fond of eating, but she controls her appetite. Occasionally she goes on a gastronomical orgy. Clothes intrigue her, or mean nothing at all. She appears extremely smart on one occasion and positively dowdy on another. American department stores fascinate her.

"Hollywood is very pretty," she says, "but people grow old here—not outside, but inside. It is all work."

She leads a lonely life. She knew few people when she arrived, and the mere fact that she had countrymen in the cinema colony did not mean that she should like them immediately. At night she stays in her simple home in Beverly Hills and listens to the radio, or plays the piano or violin. She is accomplished musically far beyond the average. During her student days in Weimar she expected to become a concert violiniste. Over-practicing developed a serious injury to her hand, and during the months she could not touch her violin she turned to a study of the stage. She found she loved the footlights more. Her voice once heard is never forgotten. It has a haunting quality similar to Helen Morgan's. Yet, if you compliment her she says—"ach, I cannot sing."

Her greatest happiness comes when she phones her daughter in Berlin. It is an expensive pleasure and she can only afford

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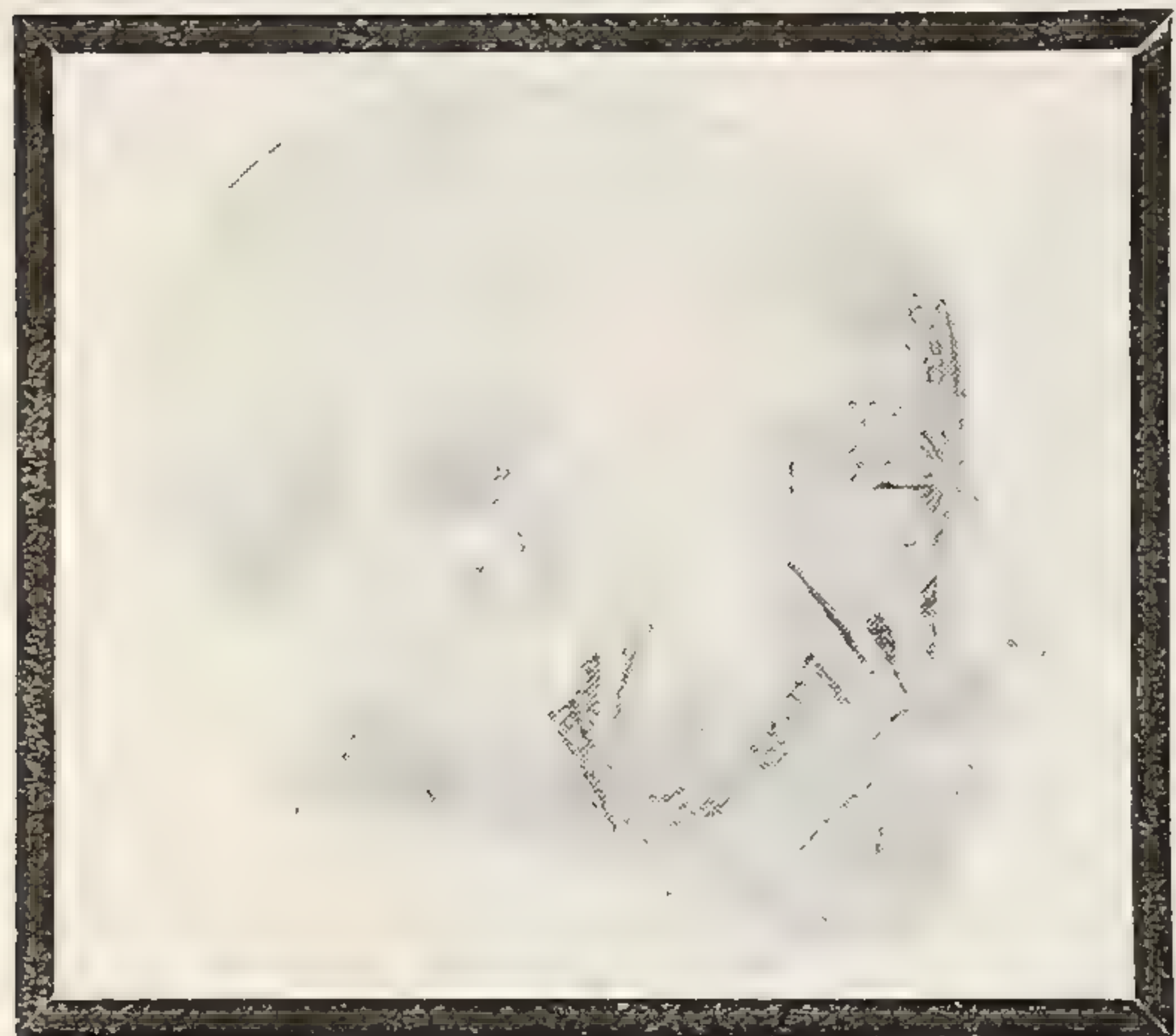
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to indulge in it once or twice a month.

"I am becoming so used to silence here," she sighed, "that I'm afraid that when I go back to Berlin my friends will think I am dumb."

It was a great disappointment to her that she must make a second picture before she can visit Germany. The new film will be based on the life of Mata Hari, that strange woman spy who tangled the diplomatic threads of a whole continent. Incidentally, it is said that Garbo will

also do a story based on the experiences of Mata Hari. Comparisons will then become inevitable.

If Marlene Dietrich can be persuaded to remain on the American screen perhaps Garbo for the first time will find a genuine rival. But there can be no half way measure for Marlene. She will be a great success or a failure, and failure hardly seems the fate of this brilliant girl who has so much to offer, and who offers it so humbly.

SALLY OF THE SCANDALS

[Continued from page 15]

brother and he goes over me with a rolling pin. It beats Sylvia's system. (Sylvia is a very small masseuse who packs the wallop of a Missouri mule in her hands.) When you're with Sylvia she doesn't pay any attention when you yell for help. My brother stops when he's killing me."

From Metro she moved over to Pathe for three pictures. She has also done a picture at Columbia. She liked "Love of Lil," at Columbia, for she had a chance to do some serious work. Most of the studios have considered her just a boop-a-doop girl ever since she was hailed as a second Clara Bow.

"I like to work in smaller studios, anyway. At the big studios some executive is always jumping out of corners and scaring you to death."

She will never forget the first time she heard on a studio set the words "strike the broad." That's electricians' lingo and has to do with a certain kind of light. Sally, coming from the chorus, thought "broad" had an entirely different reference. She actually dodged the first few times.

During the usual early fall lull in the studios, she has been appearing with Charlotte Greenwood in a stage production of "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath." She thinks it is good experience for her, and movie producers do occasionally go

to the theater in Hollywood. It is the first time she has ever appeared back of the footlights in anything except musical comedy. On the opening day she was scared to death. In one scene she had to drink a cup of tea.

"I tried three times before I could get that cup up to my lips," she confessed. "The way the cup shook you would have thought I was holding a tambourine."

When she isn't working her idea of a really swell time is going to the movies. She likes to leave home in the morning, riding into Los Angeles on a double-deck bus. She has lunch by herself, and goes to two or three motion pictures. She returns home with the comfortable feeling of a day well spent. She would walk a mile to see Ruth Chatterton or Ann Harding, and she prefers dramatic pictures. Surprisingly, she doesn't like comedies very much, although she has a lively sense of humor herself. Perhaps that is the reason she doesn't like them.

Sally is just five feet-two with high heeled shoes, and she weighs 109 pounds. She'll never be satisfied until she gets down to 105, although she doesn't want to lose the "curves." There are no heavy romances in her life. The newspaper stories that Eddie Quillan and she were "that way" just happened to be publicity. She does, however, display considerable interest in one Fred Scott, the Pathe actor with the beautiful tenor voice.

GIFTS OF BEAUTY

[Continued from page 6]

Yardley, the English lavender firm, always remember old people at Christmas time. A grandmother package of Yardley's lavender smelling salts, sachet and soaps would be dandy if grandmother is traditional.

Thrifty buying at a good cosmetic department will accomplish miracles. There is the new Armand Symphonie powder that has an underlying tone that actually does become all skins and is only \$1.00 the box. And do you know that you can get little cotton pads already cut and put up in cute organdie holders for a mere fifty cents? Girls who use liquid cleansers will be crazy about that. Or, do you ever think about what a thrill a large hunk of imported soap can give? Another

fifty cents will cover this. A little shopping in your local drug store will surprise you.

Christmas is a simply grand time for beauty. It does something to all of us. We all begin to glow just from sheer excitement and think a little bit more than usual about the happiness of the other fellow.

These are very casual suggestions. If you want any personal advice on the things I have seen about the shops do write in to me—I'll be only too glad to help you and I really will write that piece on 'Make-Up' next month.

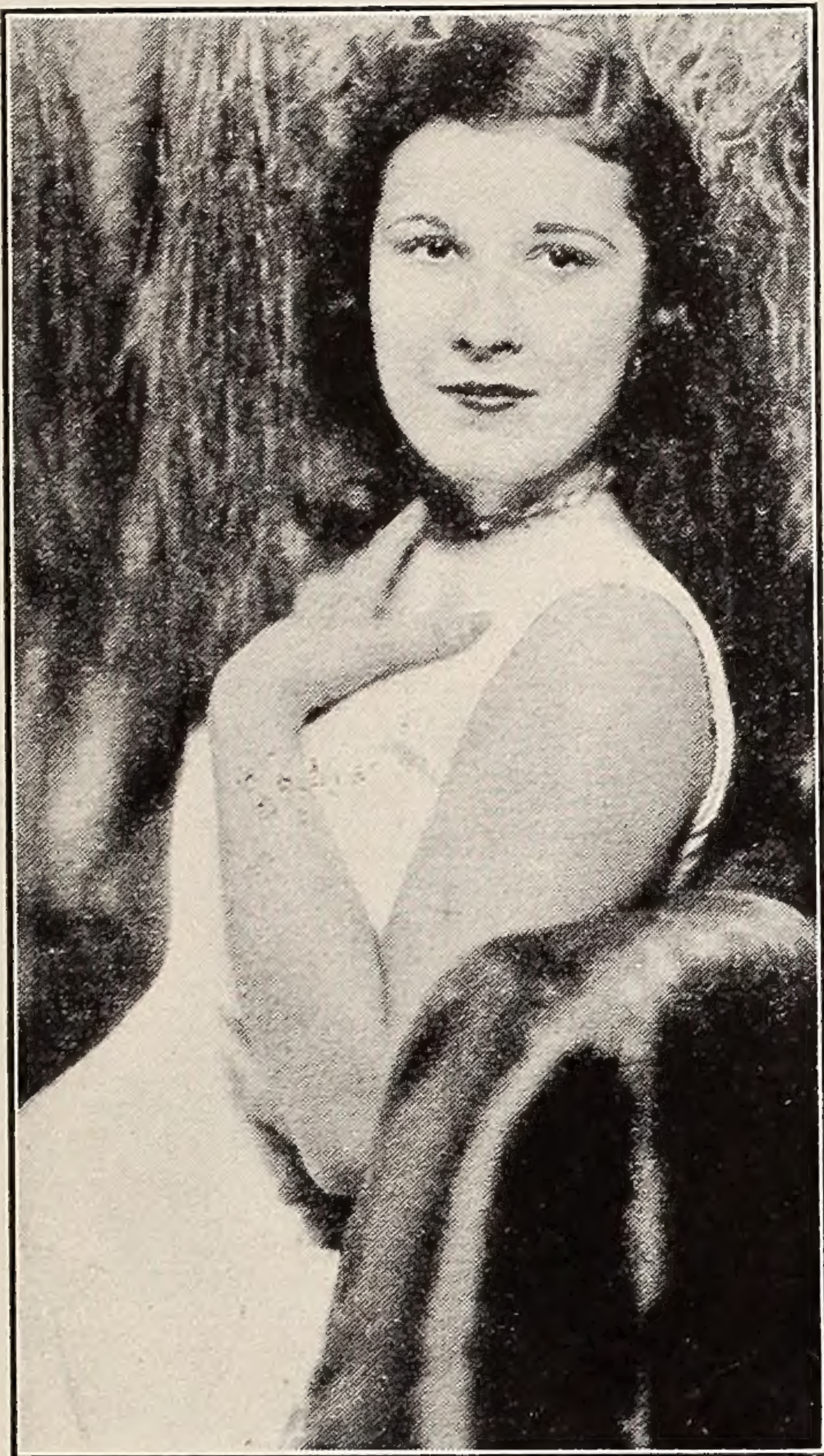
MERRY CHRISTMAS to every one of you and may you look ravishing enough under the mistletoe to wreck several homes.

HOW TO MAKE MEN FALL IN LOVE

[Continued from page 13]

philosopher of ancient Greece or Rome. "How to make men fall in love with you?"

"By never attempting to understand them but making them believe you do. "Getting a quick impression of them



Following in dad's footsteps, Ruth Mix will appear in "Red Fork Range," a rip-roaring Western.

and then catering to their whims, though still remaining independent.

"By always being as natural as possible and never whining or complaining. Some men may like clinging vines, but never the whiner.

"Men love having you discuss business problems with them and like your placing confidence in them. I always go to them for business advice."

Lila believes that clothes *do* play an important part. She tries to look as smart as possible—always with the idea foremost that the garment must be becoming and feminine. She is convinced that men detect the wrong accent in apparel instantly, although they could never tell just what or where the wrong key is.

"All in all," she says, "it is not so much what we do to attract men; it is doing the things that you instinctively feel and like."

Now, after all these beautiful screen girls have been pretty well agreed that a woman's best bet is to be charming, agreeable and sympathetic with the male prey, along comes wild Mary Duncan, one of filmland's arch sorceresses, to upset the apple-cart.

Mary is a man's woman. Men like to talk to her, be seen with her. When she enters a room wives just sort of instinctively grab their husbands.

"Men like to be seen with striking women," she said. "It pleases their vanity. And don't be too unselfish and sacrificing. Think of yourself, too. A man

really likes it better than having a woman mould her life to his."

There's a viewpoint as modern as the spigots on a De Mille bathtub.

If you're not the type for such a strenuous life you'd better skip Dorothy Lee's advice. Dorothy is perhaps the youngest of the girls who have contributed their wisdom, but then this is the day of youth, legitimate or otherwise.

"I'm still very young and I can't speak from the standpoint of long experience but I have learned that a spirit of companionship develops rapidly into mutual admiration. If I meet a man who is a lover of outdoors and we constantly play together, it is only a question of time until we are very close friends. Close friendship can easily develop into something greater."

Dorothy keeps her popularity by meeting her boy friends on an equal basis. She plays a fast game of tennis, a swell game of golf, and swims like a fish. In fact, it takes a pretty good man to keep up with her, although Dorothy is no larger than a minute.

You can't say her plan doesn't work. Dorothy's engaged.

There are some hardened, old cynics who will tell you that any stenographer has a movie star licked forty ways from Sunday when it comes to knowledge of men. I wouldn't be surprised, for when they get their men, they keep them which is more than can be said of many a star.

And, if you've noticed not one star said anything about a cozy firelit room, senti-



New worlds to conquer! Dorothy Knapp, Broadway's boast, has turned her talents on Hollywood.

mental music on the radio and a good divan, snuggle-up-style. Hollywood may turn out romances for all the world, but grandma knew something about love, too. At least that is how it looks to a mere male.

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The Fugal Fling

A FELLOW editor looked over the first issue of SILVER SCREEN. "What no trends?" he asked as he laid it down. "No 'Whither is the Movie Going?' no 'What is Happening to the New Geniuses of the Cinema?'—no 'Trend toward Mystery Productions' or 'The Non-Starring System,' no trends at all?"

"Not a trend," we said. "Last month we declared ourself off Art in the Motion Picture as a bothersome subject for SILVER SCREEN and herewith we announce ourself as off trends."

The truth is we really don't care where the movies are going, or how fast they get there, as long as they continue to amuse us. Just as long as movies can give us beautiful girls like Joan Bennett, seemingly too fragile for ordinary existence, who stuns us by being a divorcee and the mother of a young daughter and announcing herself at twenty as "being through with this love business" . . . just as long as they present us with drama like Jack Gilbert's long struggle for recognition, then his stardom, his success, and finally all he's worked for threatened through a funny little dinkus called the microphone . . . as long as movies provide visions like the utterly feminine Garbo with her baritone voice, or the child-like appearing Nancy Carroll with her emotional acting genius . . . well, as long as that keeps up with all its fairy story quality, its romance, its tragedy and its laughter, the movies get our support.

Stuffy people can worry about trends and go needle hunting in movie haystacks for highbrow impulses, but all we ask is amusement.

* * *

Currently on Broadway there is a smash hit called "Once In a Lifetime." It is a satiric comedy on Hollywood and it pans the life out of Movietown. It portrays the producers as morons and the stars as incompetents and ends with a stirring plea for more intelligence out where the films begin.

It's really a swell show and packed with laughs. Movie people in New York for a holiday go to it and eat it up. The New York papers praise them for being broadminded.

Well, why not?

Out of seventy-eight legitimate theatres in New York, only thirty are open now at the height of the season. On Broadway proper not a theatre remains that isn't playing movies. The dramas are housed on the side streets, since they can't afford the rent a real Broadway theatre demands. A house like the Hudson, which used to be fought over, has now been dark for five months. Nobody wants it. The great Broadway stars are absent acting before the camera.

Why shouldn't the Hollywood folk be broadminded over Broadway knocks?

The joke's not on them.

* * *

Comes a letter from a reader: "I hope you won't devote all your pages to the younger Hollywood group, charming as they are. Do dwell a little on those artists both men and women who have left the glowing twenties and by doing so have gained an experience both in life and art that makes their work compelling."

We shall.

SILVER SCREEN is keen for youth. Youth is always news. But news is not always youth. Ruth Chatterton, Marie Dressler, Irene Rich, Will Rogers, George Arliss, Otis Skinner—none of them is very young, but they bring us the artistry of experience, the agelessness of constantly developing personalities.

We may be wrong but we think that's wonderful and very worth writing about.

Ruth Chatterton.
EDITOR.



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BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); BRIGHT LIGHTS, with Dorothy Mackaill (First National); DIXIANA, with Bebe Daniels (Radio Pictures); FOLLCW THRU, with Charles Rogers and Nancy Carroll (Paramount); GOLDEN DAWN, with Walter Woolf and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); HELL'S ANGELS, all-star cast (Caddo), Technicolor Sequences; HOLD EVERYTHING, with Winnie Lightner, Georges Carpentier and Joe E. Brown (Warner Bros.); KING OF JAZZ, starring Paul Whiteman (Universal); THE TOAST OF THE LEGION, with Bernice Claire, Walter Pidgeon and Edward Everett Horton (First National); SONG OF THE FLAME, with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS, all-star cast (Warner Bros.); THE FLORADORA GIRL, starring Marion Davies (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer), Technicolor Sequences; THE MARCH OF TIME, all-star cast (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer), Technicolor Sequences; WOMAN HUNGRY, with Sidney Blackmer and Lila Lee (First National).

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